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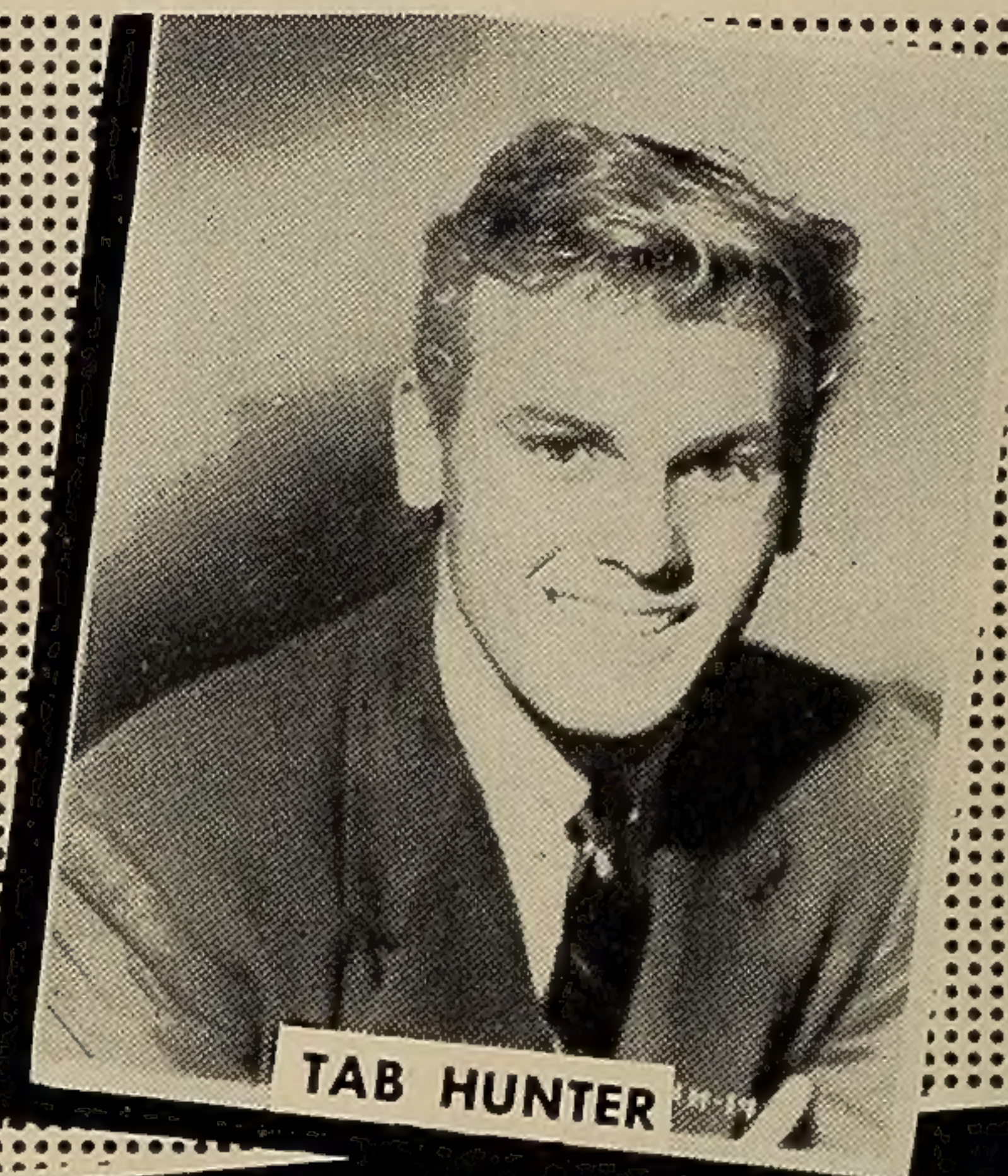
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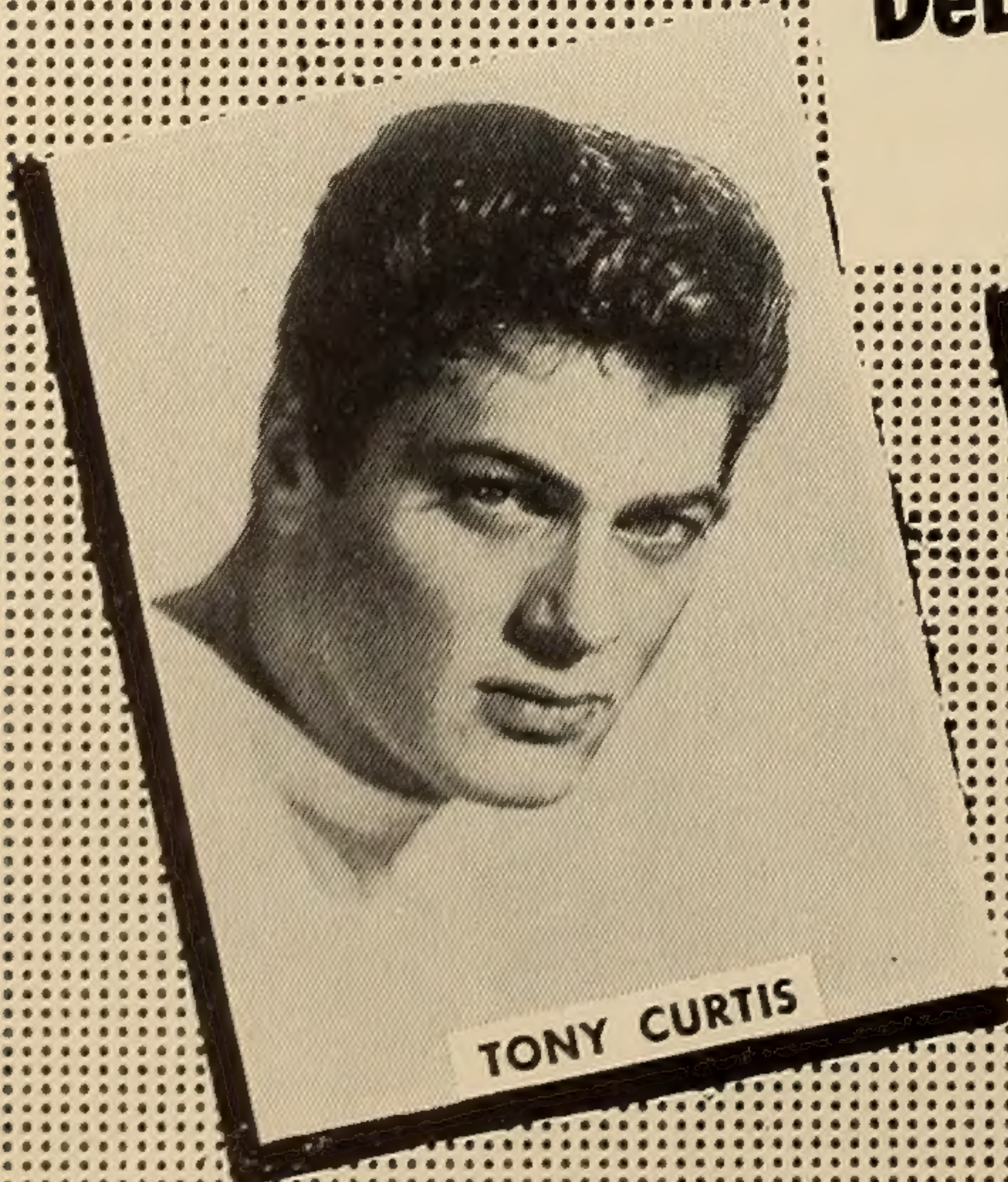
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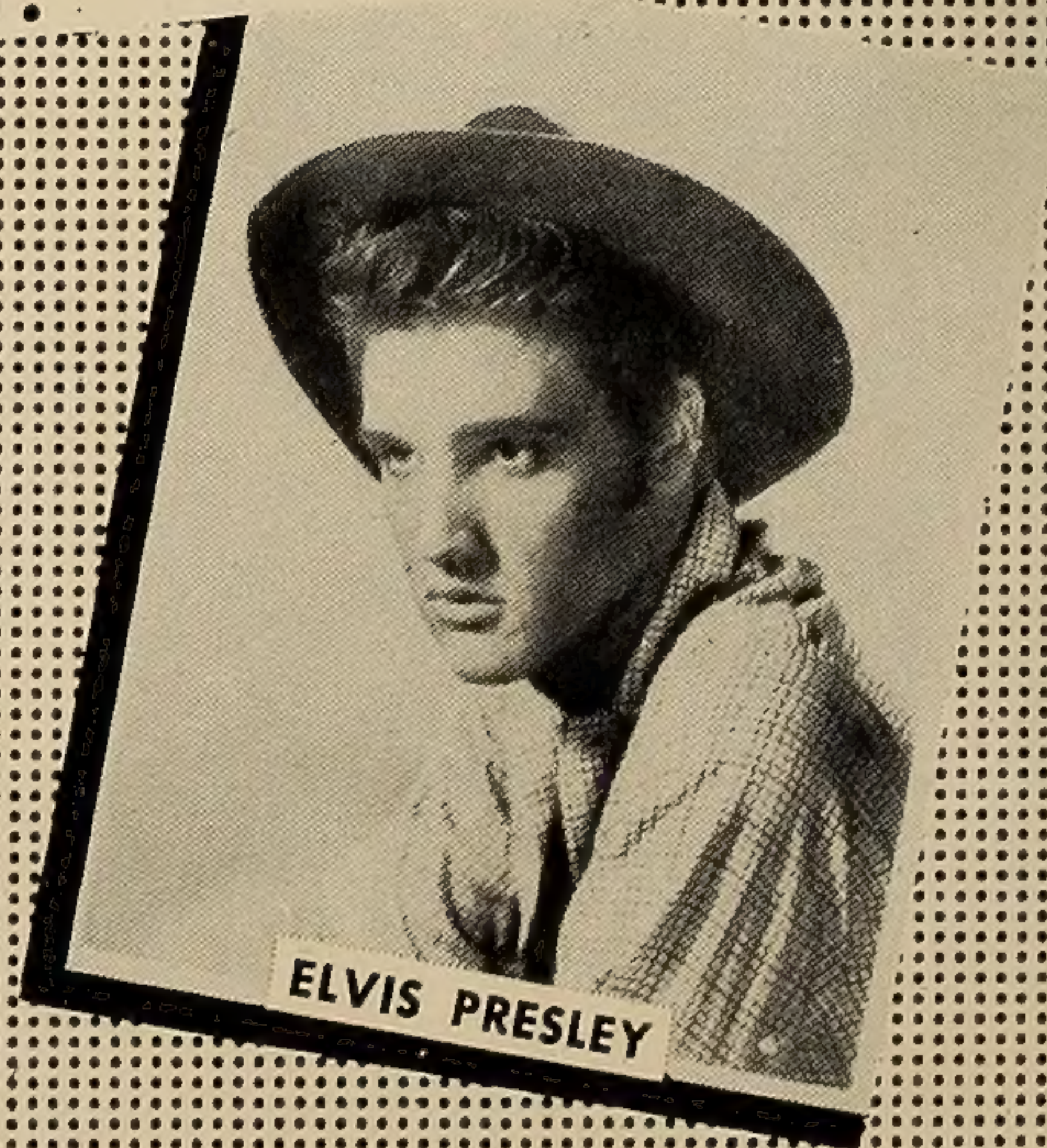
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Volume Sixty, Number Two

September, 1957

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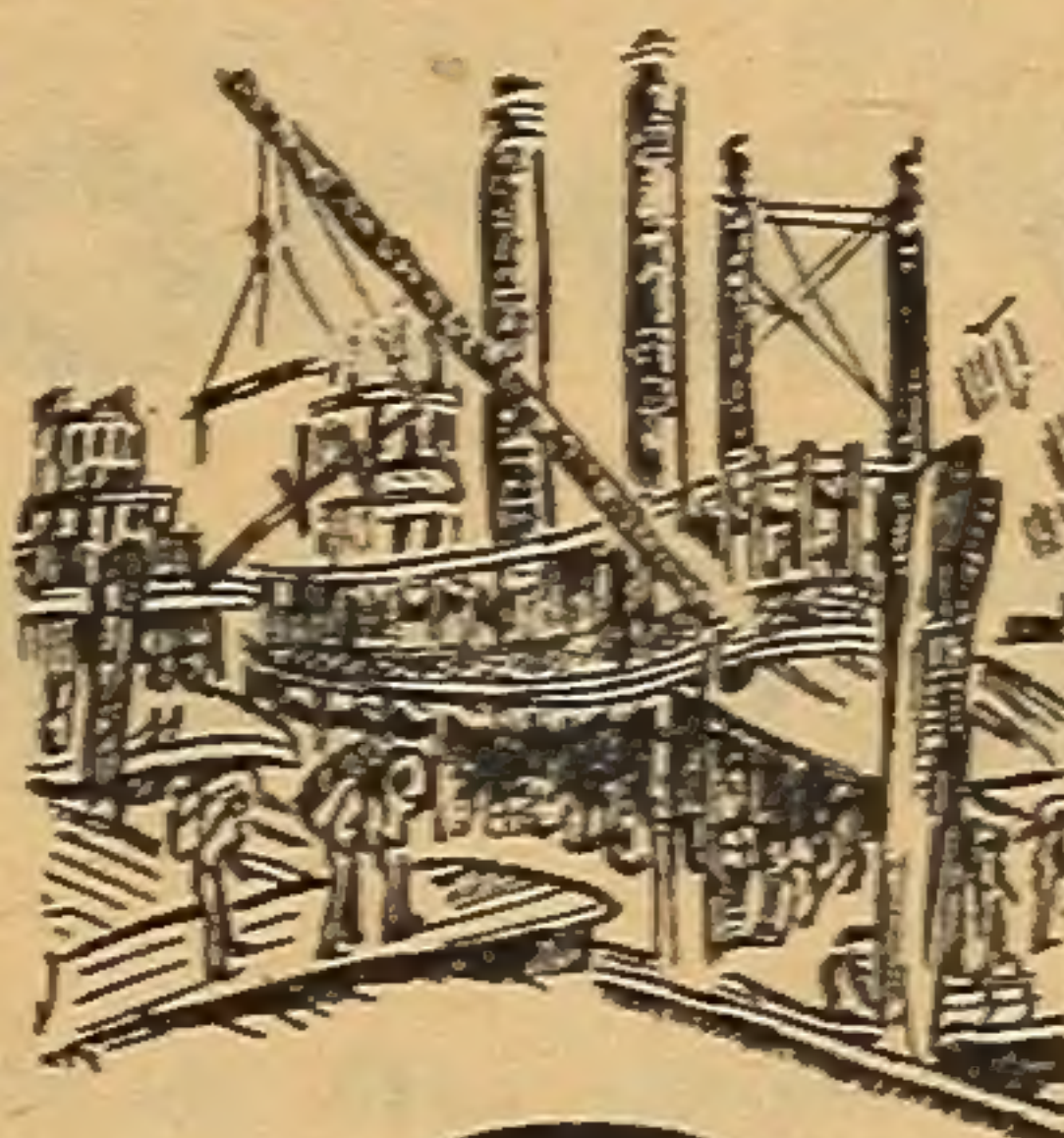
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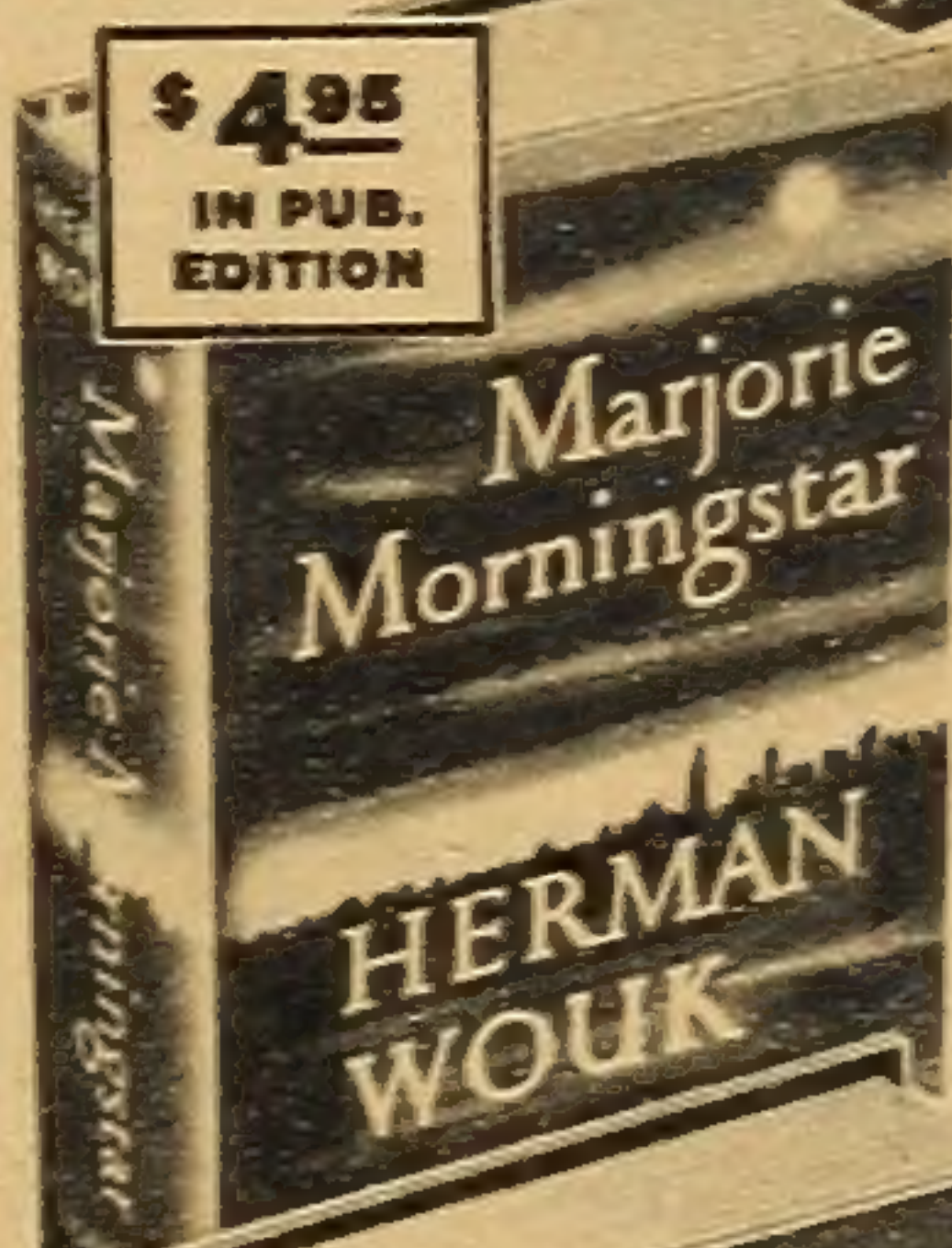
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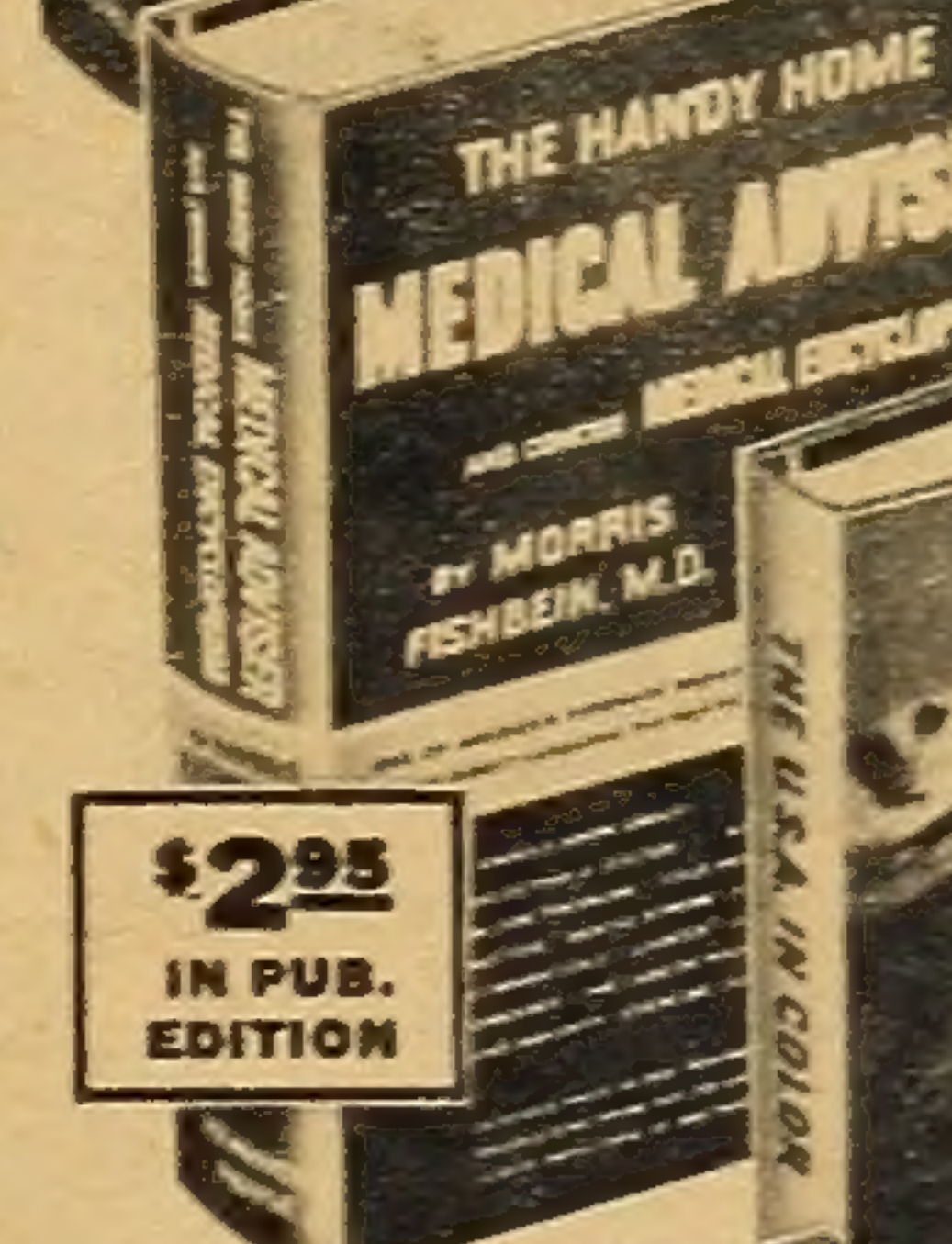
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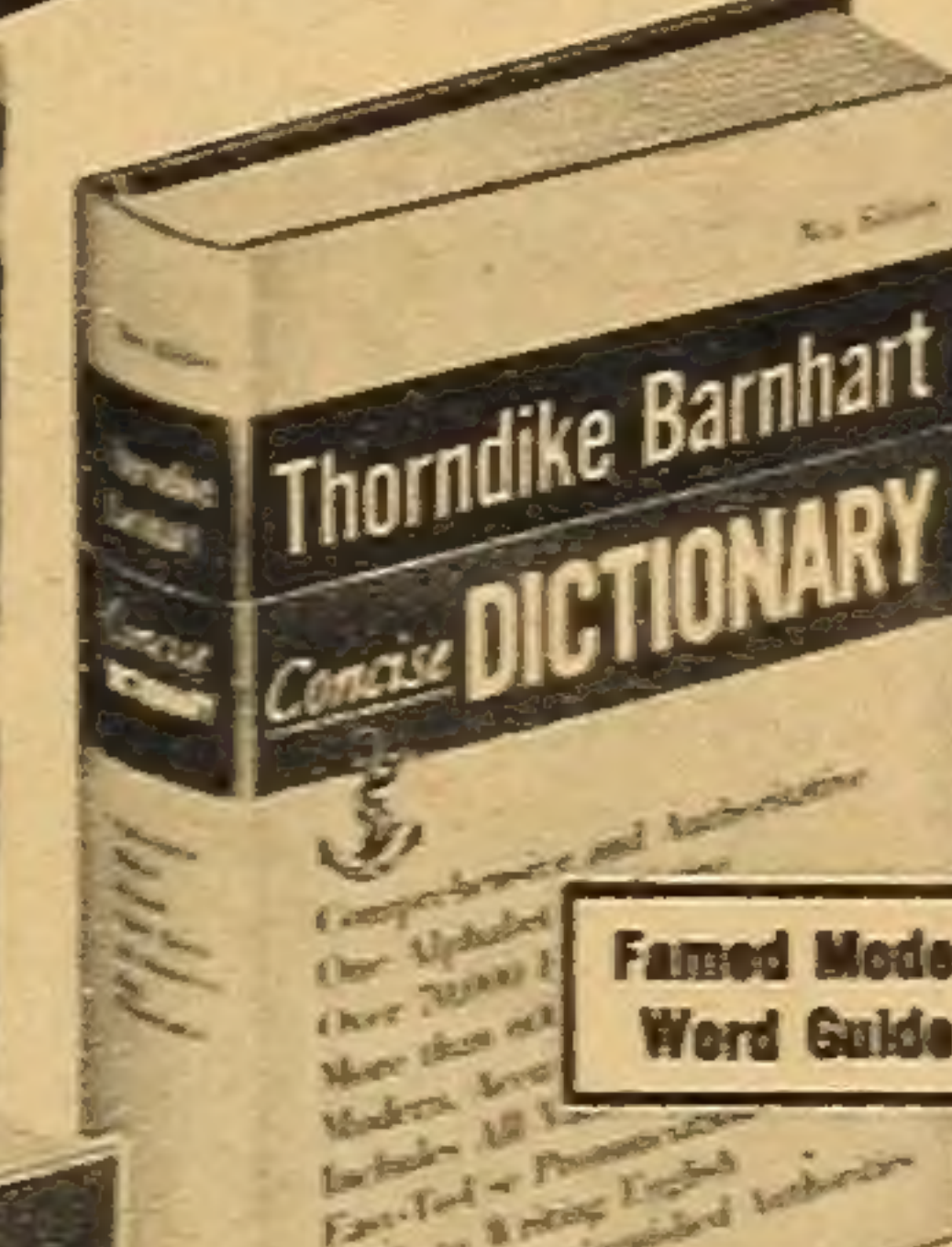
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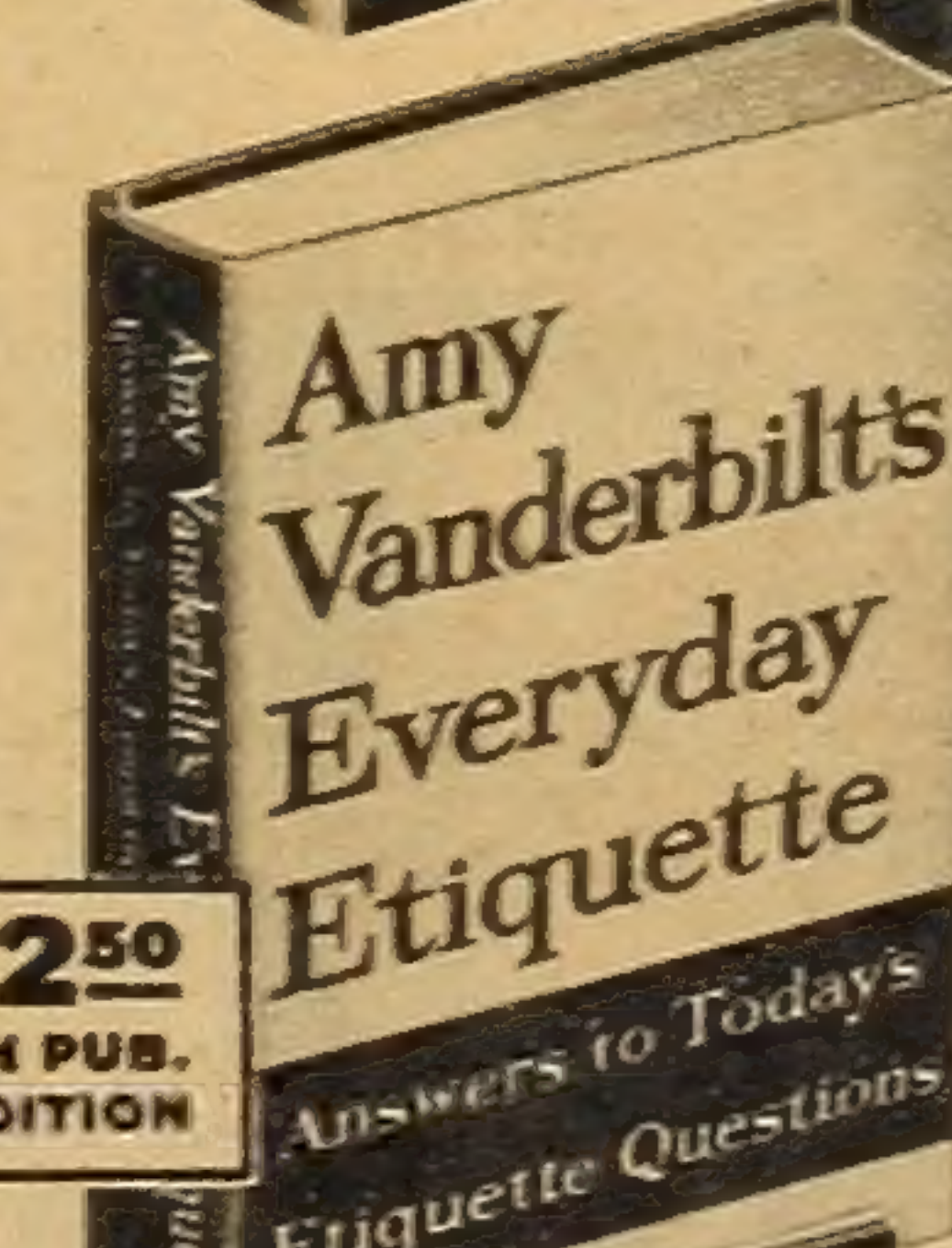
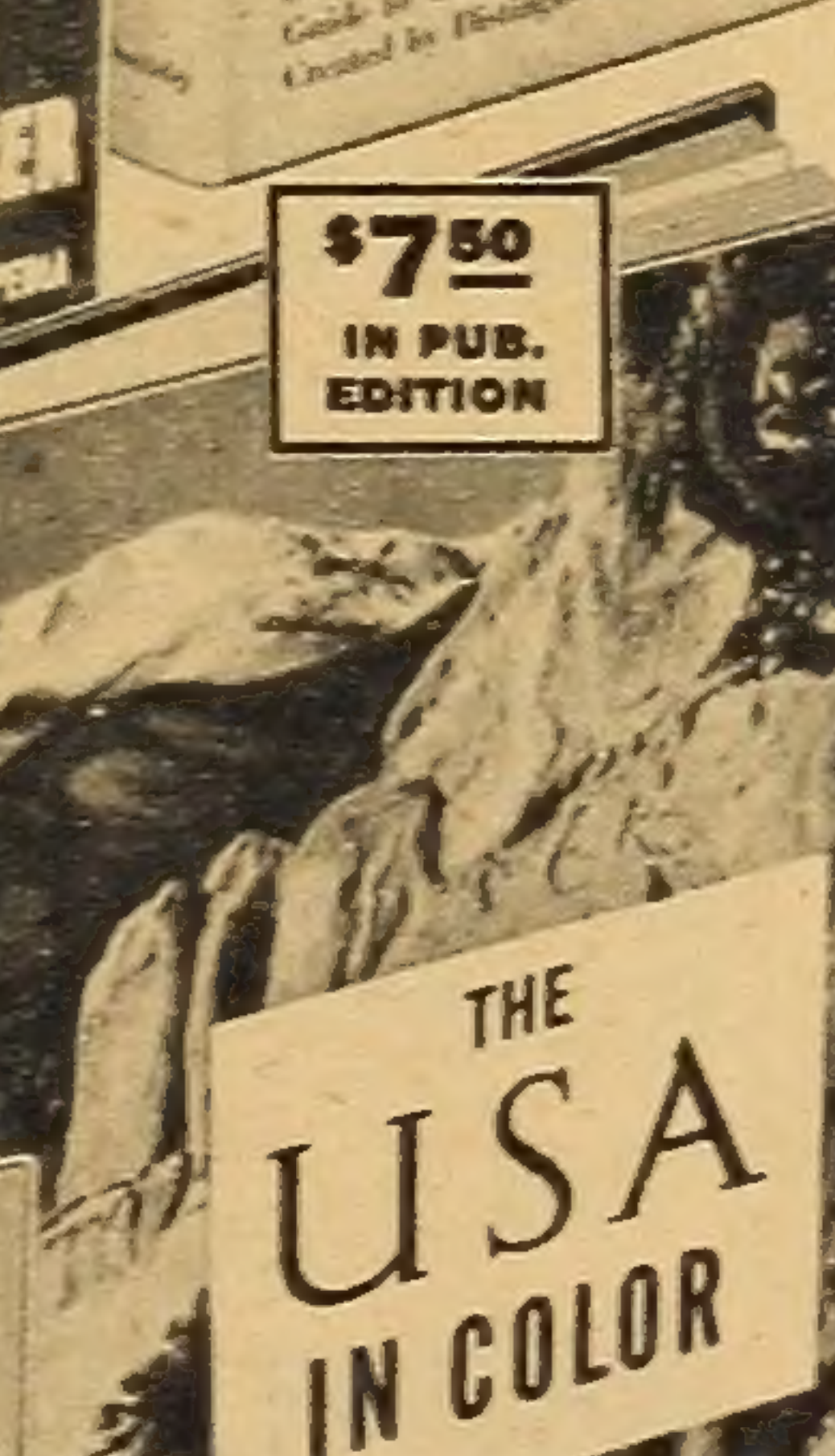
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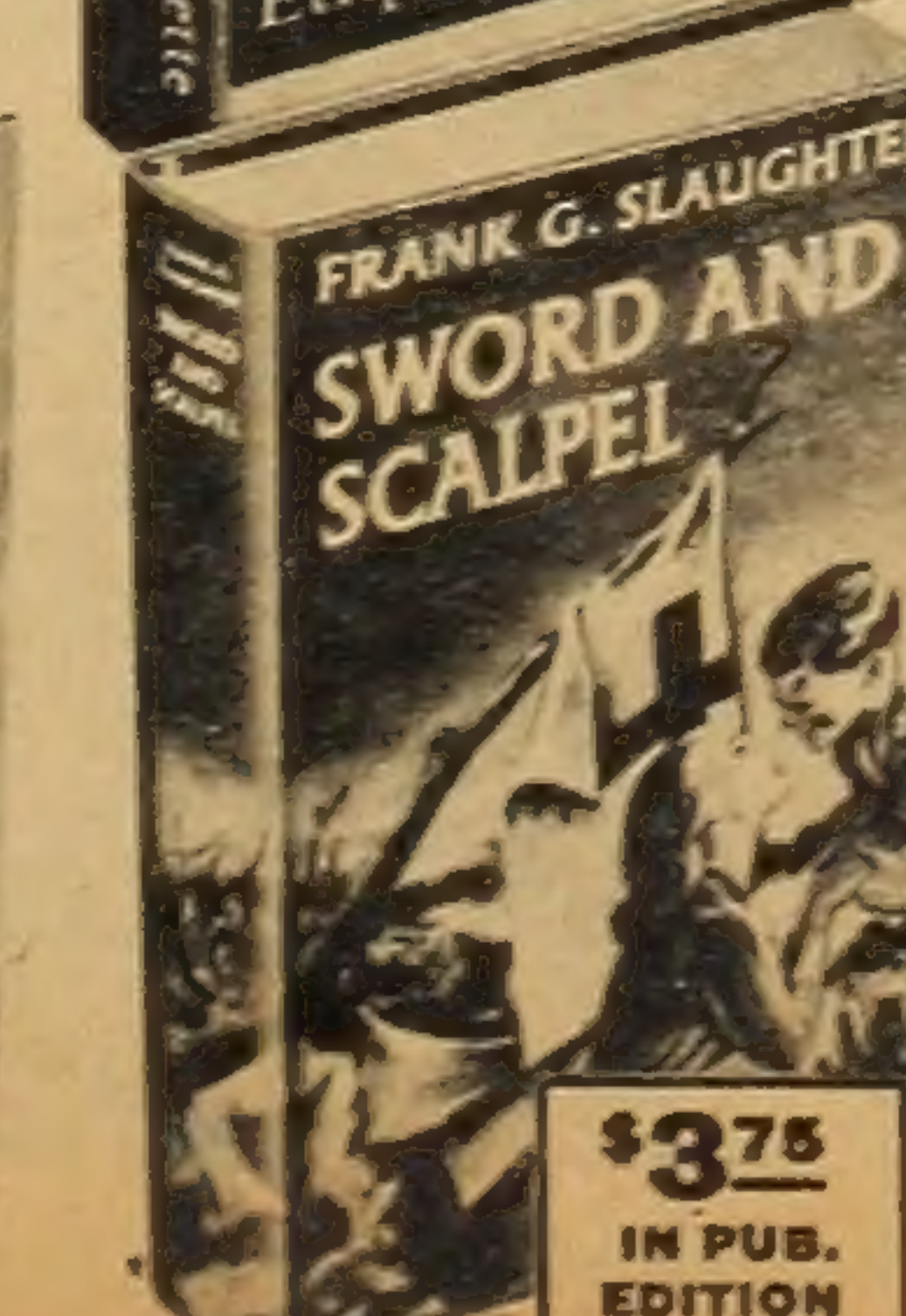
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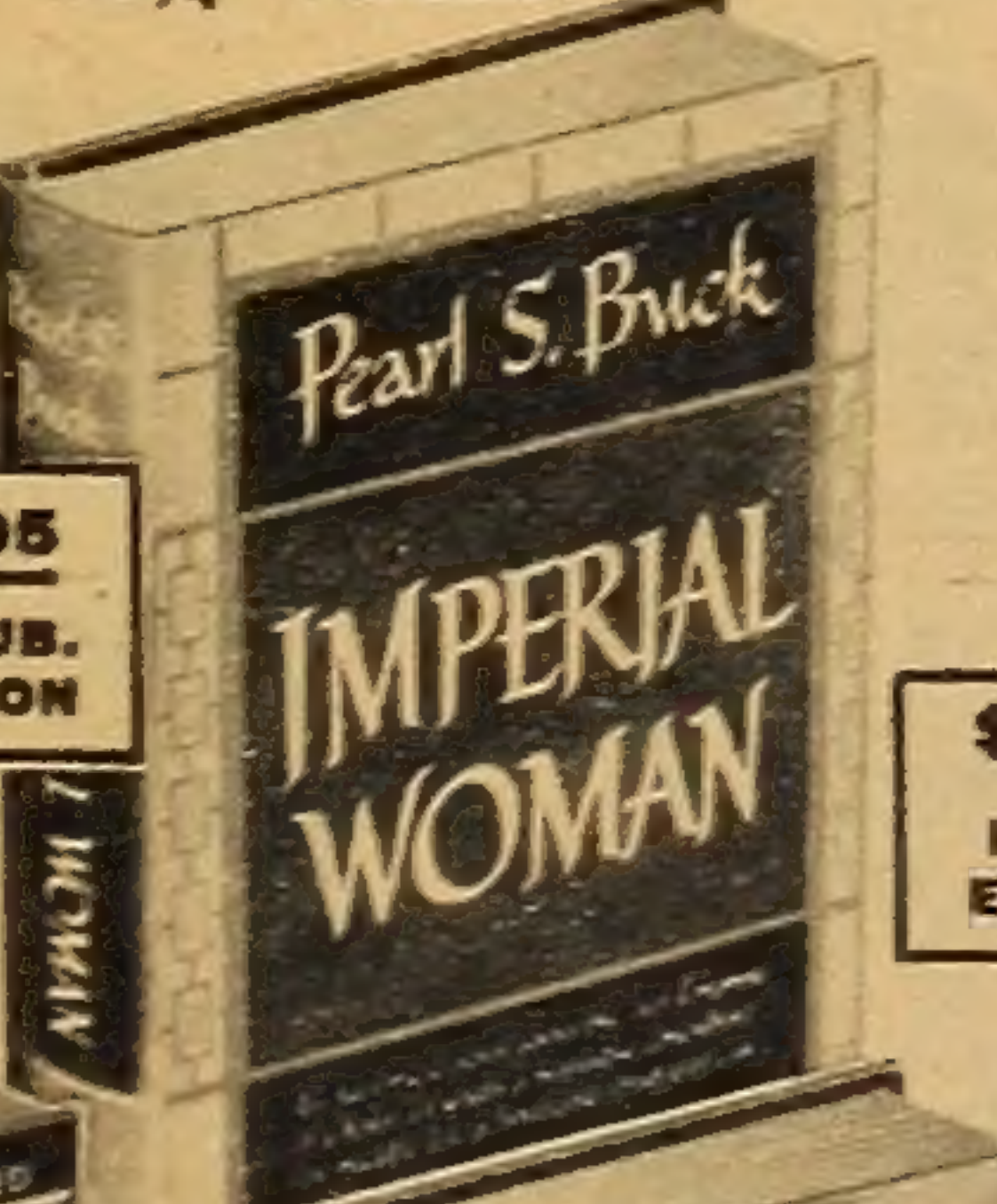
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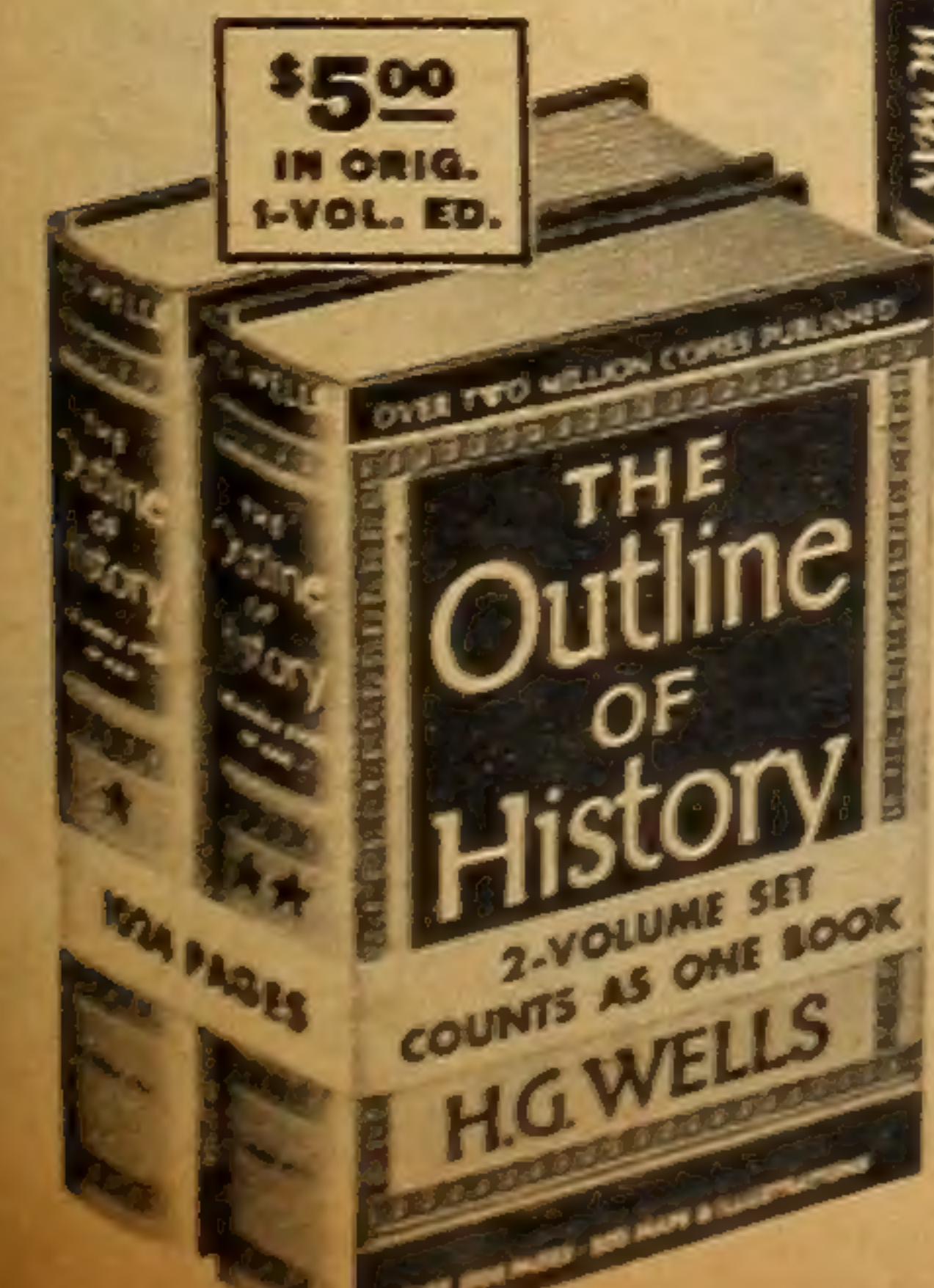
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Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Tab Hunter feuding again with his studio
- Some advice for Linda Darnell



HELLO to you all from Hollywood, land of sunshine, smog and smear—if you can believe those scandal mags—and please don't. . . . Jayne Mansfield has a funny reason for refusing to marry Mickey Hargitay in October—the month when her divorce is final. “It’s too close to Hallowe’en.” Sounds like she isn’t sure whether she’s getting a trick or a treat. . . . Clark Gable, now a ripe 56, and so in love with his blonde, beautiful wife, Kay, who was hospitalized with a heart attack, is planning a long siesta from the cameras. This marriage is more important to Clark than all the movies in the world. . . . Most candid girl in Hollywood—sultry Sophia Loren, who calmly states to interviewers: “My mother and father were never married.” Then adds, “It might have been worse if they had.” . . .

The very pixie-like Tony Perkins is making some enemies who believe his different-ness is too cute for a grown-up lad. Personally, it’s a pleasure to find a newcomer who is not run-of-the-mill. . . . Cary Grant is boosting new lady star, Suzy Parker, a combo of Audrey Hepburn

and the late Carole Lombard. “She’ll be as big as Grace Kelly in two years,” predicts Cary who accepted the Texas-born Paris model as his co-star in “Kiss Them For Me.” . . . Bella Darvi, *sans* her Hollywood producer pal, has been losing at the rate of \$1,500 a chip in the Cannes gambling places. But—“They’re only plastic,” she philosophizes. Ha!

It can’t be true, but there was a printed report in a British newspaper that Ingrid Bergman was scripting the story of her love for Roberto Rossellini, as a movie vehicle for herself. Her side of the romance would be interesting reading. . . . To go back to the gaming tables. Pity Elizabeth Taylor. She spent her first honeymoon in the Cannes Casino waiting for Nicky Hilton. And ditto for her last with Mike Todd. What shall it profit a girl to have all the diamond tiaras and gleaming Rolls Royces, if her husband stays up until 4:30 in the morning losing money on the tables? Even if he won, it’s still dreary for the bride.

Russ Tamblyn has a crush on Italy’s statuesque Gia Scala—as of going to

continued on page 8



COLUMNIST Sheilah Graham gets lowdown on his new plans from Jimmy Stewart himself.



ALTHOUGH she dates others, Kim Novak continues to see Mac Krim, her longtime beau.

There's only one Marilyn Monroe but there isn't one
Marilyn Monroe picture that teases and tickles like

Marilyn Monroe starring with

**Laurence
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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

press, that is. Russ was actually considering hitch-hiking to New York to see her. Fortunately for his feet, MGM called him in for another picture. . . . How about Mike Todd's remark when told there was no balloon ride in his Jules Verne classic, "Around The World In 80 Days." "That," said the almighty Todd, "was Jules Verne's big mistake!" . . . The fans—to judge by the mail I receive—prefer Kim Novak for "The Story Of Jean Harlow." But whether Jerry Wald and 20th can get her is something else. I agree she would be a better choice than Jayne Mansfield.

In her settlement with Frank Sinatra, Ava Gardner was paid back the money she advanced when Frankie had tough career sledding in the year before "From Here To Eternity." Plus interest. One thing you must say for Sinatra. When he has it, he's generous. . . . Ava should be signing her name Mrs. Walter Chiari when you read this. . . . But I doubt whether Frankie's dates with Lauren Bacall add up to romance. He was a bosom buddy of the late Humphrey Bogart. But I wouldn't want to predict what the future will bring. . . . Miscasting of the year—dressing Ann Sothorn as a boy for a number in her night club act. You can do tricks with a camera but not with a live audience.

Pert Yvonne Lime is fighting a losing battle, if she is really serious about being in love with Elvis Presley. When I asked his manager, Colonel Parker, if there was a chance for Yvonne or any other girl for that matter, his answer was a laugh and "I don't hear any wedding bells." . . . Advice to Linda Darnell: sell your house and live in one owned by your new husband, Robbie Robertson. Then your marriage will have a better chance. . . . John Wayne discussing Sophia Loren: "She's going to be the biggest star in the business and not because she's got the biggest chest." I agree.

Mrs. Alan Ladd called her press agent

to say please to have me come over and see for myself that Alan has lost weight. I'm glad. Actually, he was ill when he made "Boy On A Dolphin," which I'm assured accounts for the blown-up look. And, he was unhappy at having a co-star taller than he is. . . . It's a cinch that Gary Crosby will marry before his old man. At last reports he was wooing an Ice-Capades dancer whose name escapes me at the moment.

Dorothy Malone is seeing Scott Brady again. . . . Fred Astaire is dating Barrie Chase, daughter of writer Bordon Chase. But close pals do not hear wedding bells. Fred is still in love with the memory of his late wife, they claim. . . . Fred, now 58, may be cutting out some of the more strenuous steps from future production numbers. . . . Too bad that Phyllis Hudson's serious hepatitis cancelled her trip to Italy to be with Rock. They were planning to make it a second honeymoon after he finished "Farewell To Arms" with Jennifer Jones.

Gale Storm is secure financially for the rest of her sweet life. The "My Little Margie" re-runs pay her an extra \$100,000 for ever and ever—almost. . . . And live TV stars in Hollywood are kicking themselves for wasting their all on one-shots. . . . When Victor Borge saw a misprint on a Variety Club luncheon card in London, he commented, "Someone's kicked the 'L' out of Liberace. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry." . . . John Barrymore, Jr., feuding with half-sister Diana Barrymore over family disclosures in "Too Much, Too Soon," has sworn a mighty oath—to erase the blot off the Barrymore escutcheon—by being the best actor of the bunch. Young John made a good start as Romeo in "Romeo And Juliet" here at the Pasadena Playhouse. And one of these days soon, he will pen his recollections of his father. . . . Tab Hunter wants to make more records. His Warner bosses want him to make more movies. One of them has to give or they both lose.

Walt Disney's recently re-released



WELCOME to Hollywood greeting is given European star Maria Schell by Bob Wagner.

"Cinderella," is making as much this time around as when it was first released to the public. . . . Can you guess why Sinatra calls his buddy Yul Brynner, "Eggman"? . . . If Eva Bartok can manage to live in the same country as her ex-fourth-husband, Curt Jurgens, they will remarry. They realized it was still love when they met and dated in the South of France.

Rumor is divided as to whether Marilyn Monroe is expecting a baby now. But one thing is positive. She wants one. And she will stay off the screen for as long as it is necessary to get the prescribed rest to make this dream a fact. There seems to be no doubt that Marilyn was expecting the long-legged bird while she was working in "The Prince And The Showgirl," but the stork flew away soon after. . . . The hep London set are betting that Diana Dors will not reconcile again with Dennis Hamilton, and that her next husband will be 25-year-old Tommy Yarde, a double for Dennis. . . . German star Maria Schell, who replaced Carroll Baker in "The Brothers Karamazov," couldn't make the grade in England when

continued on page 74



CO-STARS in a new film, Sophia Loren and Tony Perkins chat at party in her honor.



VISITING in Hollywood, Greer Garson is dinner guest. Paul Hesse shares same table.



EXOTIC Ludmilla Tcherina meets exotic Yul Brynner in theatre lobby during a premiere.

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ever.....*

*...he's so tough
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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Love In The Afternoon

IF what's in the Paris air can be bottled and shipped out—ooh-la-la. It's this same magic ingredient that keeps French private eye, Maurice Chevalier, gleefully scurrying about in a business boom. Truthfully, though, this spring the air alone isn't totally responsible, it's also the arrival of middle-aged millionaire Gary Cooper. He's a roué who comes to Paris periodically to get recharged, as it were. Cooper's last boudoir caper with a married woman would be exactly that—his last, if her gun-totin' husband had his way. Chevalier's daughter, Audrey Hepburn, a chip off the old block when it comes to eavesdropping, rushes to Cooper's rescue, trips over his charm, and falls in love. The odds, considering Cooper's far-flung stable of fillies, seem hopeless, but then again, never under-estimate the power of a Parisienne, especially one like Audrey. Directed by Billy Wilder, this was meant to be strictly entertainment and a sophisticated comedy of sex that has a brilliant sharp sparkle. (Allied Artists.)

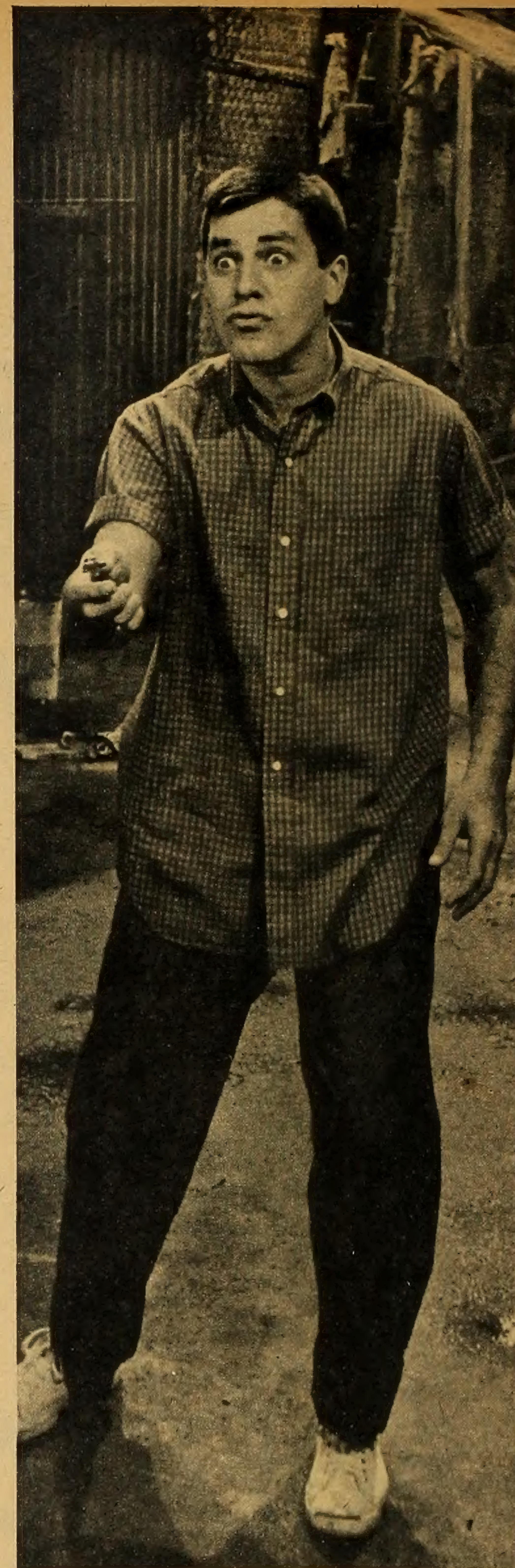
Man On Fire

LONG drawn-out account of a father, Bing Crosby, who believes love of a child can only be shown by possession. He has a great deal to learn. Following his divorce, Crosby managed to obtain

full custody of his eight-year-old son. Now, two years later, his wife, who has re-married, wants equal rights to the lad. When Crosby says no despite the advice of lawyer E. G. Marshall, the case is hustled into court. The mother obtains full custody. From then on, it becomes a crucial matter of will Crosby, with Inger Stevens' help, adjust to the decision. Despite the fact that Crosby does a remarkable job, this requires something beside a coat of snappy dialogue. (MGM.)

The Delicate Delinquent

FROM a tenement janitor to policeman mightn't be as difficult as it sounds, but the way in which Jerry Lewis makes the transition is cluttered with all sorts of fascinating detours. Picked up as a juvenile delinquent, when all he was doing was emptying a garbage can, Lewis becomes a test case for Patrolman Darren McGavin who insists the kindly approach can do more to save a delinquent than punishment. Lewis, who, until then, had never received any attention, except from tenant Mary Webster, is a willing subject for McGavin's theory. In fact, these therapeutic measures work wonders. Lewis decides he wants to become a policeman. Eventually he makes the grade, but in the process almost louses up McGavin's romance with Martha Hyer. For a change of pace, there's less



INIMITABLE Jerry Lewis bumbles his way into being a cop in "The Delicate Delinquent."



PARIS, Spring, Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn make "Love In The Afternoon" fun.



GAY comedy "The Prince And The Showgirl" co-stars Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier.

of Lewis the loose-limbed clown and more of Lewis the actor with some surprising and hilarious results. (Paramount.)

The Prince And The Showgirl

WHEN a shoulder strap popped apart backstage at a London music hall, an empire was saved. The shoulder belonged to American showgirl Marilyn Monroe and the empire was ruled by Laurence Olivier. Their historic entente developed while Olivier, on hand for a Coronation, was surveying the local feminine talent, and pop, there she was. Instantly, Olivier knew Marilyn was the girl with whom he'd most like to split a cold bird, a mag-

continued on page 66

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

- ★ Has the Presley influence bit Rock Hudson?
- ★ Pier Angeli and Vic Damone's design for living



THE way is now all clear for Ava Gardner to marry her Italian admirer, Walter Chiari.

LANA GOES LATIN—Although Lana Turner and Lex Barker have agreed to disagree, she is building on the lot they liked in Acapulco, Mexico. Knowing Lana, we weren't surprised that she added a lot of glamour touches to the blueprints, including a pink marble bath with an adjoining garden for sun bathing. "It's the only bathroom," she smiled, "that looks pretty enough for a party setting."

TEENAGE TWOSOME—Cutest couple around town is Tommy "Teenage Crush" Sands and disk-doll, Molly Bee. Sands, who is under contract to 20th Century-Fox, insists he and Molly are friends, not an "item." She agrees and puts it this way—we like the same music, enjoy the same food, have the same manager, and share the same press agent.

STILL ACTING—After all the talk of Liz Taylor's retiring from the screen, hubby Mike Todd squelched the rhubarb by announcing she'd star in his next big epic, "Don Quixote." What raised eyebrows was Liz will appear as Cantinflas' wife, who's described in the book as unat-

tractive and by that now classic line, "What does he see in her?"

SURROUNDED—*Elvis Presley certainly isn't bothered with that bachelor bugaboo, loneliness. When he was at MGM making "Jailhouse Rock," he had a personal staff of six constantly with him. They were easy to identify, since they either wore sideburns or campaign buttons with you-know-who's picture emblazoned on them. Although Elvis declined most party bids, once or twice he did bust loose with a party in his hotel. It was spearheaded by his two cousins and two old school pals from Memphis who travel with him.*

THOUGHTFUL ROCK—Rock Hudson was determined to help his wife Phyllis recuperate even though she was ill in Hollywood and he was grounded in Italy for "A Farewell To Arms." He called her regularly via trans-Atlantic, surprised her with weekly get-well gifts (most recent was six cashmere sweaters), and promised her a convalescent trip to Hawaii. One other surprise is he's been taking guitar

lessons from make-up man Alberto Rossi, and can now play a couple of Phyllis' favorite tunes on the instrument. At first, Rock admits, there was a lot more plunk than plink to his playing.

DOUBLE GOOD-BYE—*It was a teary and tender farewell with Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner when Bob hopped a plane for Japan for his "Stop-Over Tokyo" location. Nat had no sooner said one good-bye than plane trouble found Wagner being transferred to a different liner, so another farewell scene. But Natalie busied herself studying for "Marjorie Morningstar," and, believe it or not, getting up at 5:30 a.m. for those trans-Pacific calls from Bob.*

REVERSE STRATEGY—Richard Egan is doing a switch on the old adage, "The way to a man's heart." It's he who is doing the cooking, and the girl he's trying to impress with his culinary efforts is Pat Hardy. His specialty is steak and salad *a la* Egan, which he prepares in his U-I dressing room whenever she stops by for a lunch time visit.



LAME gown sets off the Mansfield charms when Jayne and Mickey Hargitay attend fete.



THEIR trials and troubles far behind them, Jeff Chandler and his wife radiate happiness.



STEADY dating of Felicia Farr and Jack Lemmon makes this romance look real serious.



THE Clark Gables will spend their second anniversary at Minden, Nev., where they wed.

WEDDING BELLS—Jeff Hunter and model Dusty Bartlett no sooner announced their marriage plans than Jeff began drawing blueprints for the honeymoon home. Hunter, it seems, has other talents besides acting. His business ventures include his own management firm, oil investments, producing short films, and real estate holdings. No wonder the first thing he does each morning is look over the "Wall Street Journal."

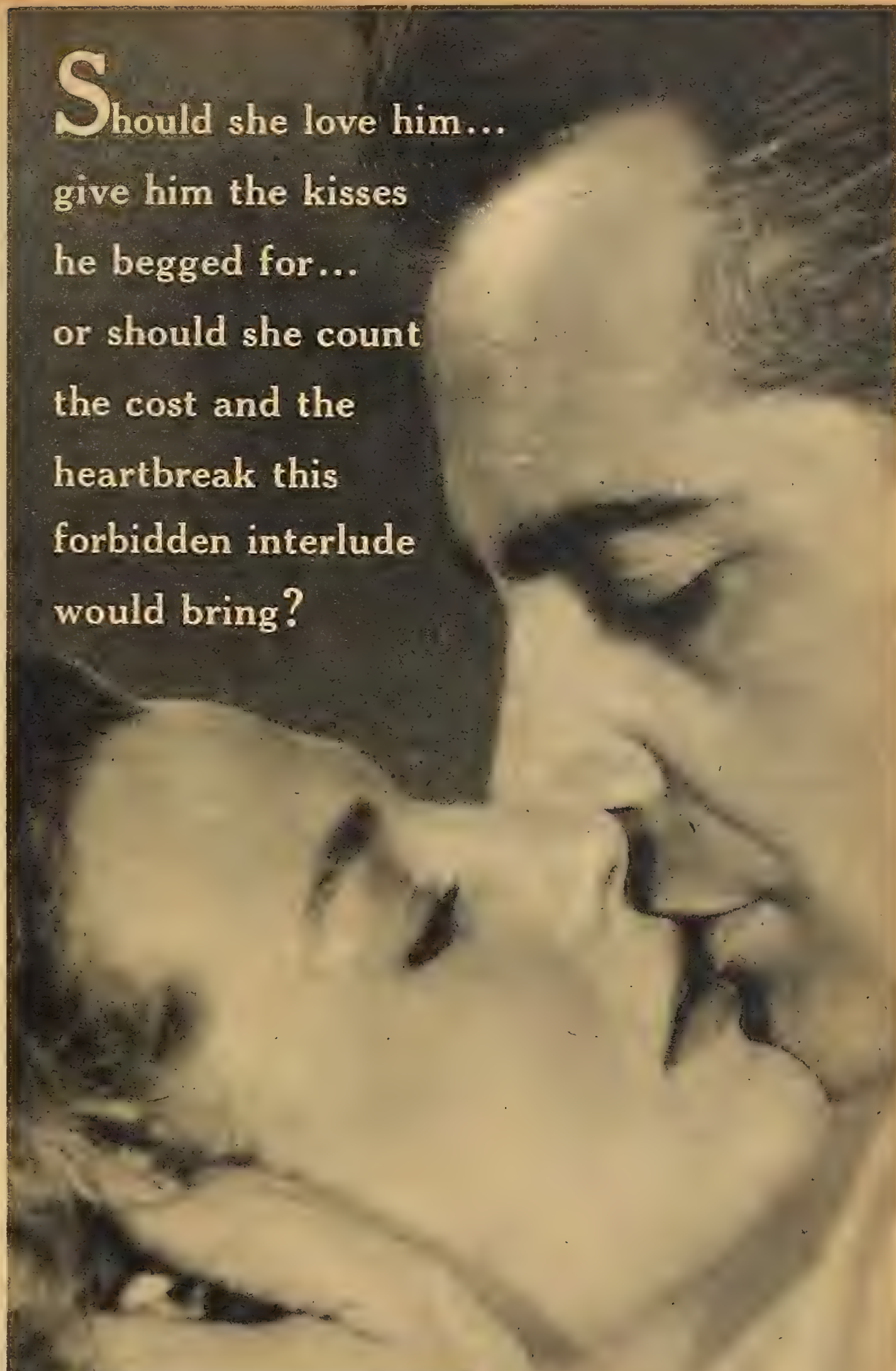
DETERMINED PAIR—Vic Damone and Pier Angeli are determined to have more time together. She accompanied him to San Francisco for a singing engagement and later that week to New York for his television show. Unlike most couples who travel on their vacations, they're doing a reverse and plan to spend their vacations in their new Bel-Air home. "It's rather a topsy-turvy plan," Pier admits, "but at least this way we'll be spending all of our time together."

CAPRICIOUS CUPID—Just when pals thought Dennis Hopper and Venetia Stevenson were going steady, they received
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SELDOM seen in nightclubs, Ann Blyth and husband, Dr. James McNulty, at Mocambo.

Should she love him...
give him the kisses
he begged for...
or should she count
the cost and the
heartbreak this
forbidden interlude
would bring?



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Based on a Screenplay by DWIGHT TAYLOR and a Story by JAMES GAIN • Produced by ROSS HUNTER

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

a jolt. Suddenly their dates stopped, and each started seeing others. Whether this is a permanent arrangement is anyone's guess. In the meantime, Dennis has been showing Hollywood to New York TV actress Susan Oliver. The petite blonde is the girl selected by Doris Day to play the lead in Dodo's first non-starring production, "Green Eyes."

FAVORITE TOPIC—Yul Brynner doesn't seem to mind his shaved pate being the topic of so many comics' routines. Why should he when a national woman's organization just named his "the sexiest skull in history"? Yul remains clean-shaven for "The Brothers Karamazov," but goes overboard in "The Buccaneer" with hair, moustache and beard.

ROYAL SPLENDOR—Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis started their sixth year of marriage in a lavish way. They toasted each other in London, flew to Norway, and boarded the *Brand VI*, Barbara Hutton's former yacht, for the sea location on "The Viking." As it turned out, the ship has become an ocean-going "apartment house" with co-stars Kirk Douglas and Ernie Borgnine, also residing on it.

SURPRISED GRANT—When Cary Grant began his love scene on a San Francisco cable car with new star Suzy Parker he was prepared for onlookers. What surprised Grant was that one of the passengers was his wife, Betsy Drake. Her "walk-on" will be left in the film, "Kiss Them For Me."

SIZZLING SUZY—Cary's co-star, Suzy Parker, is a titian-haired Texan who is provocative in both looks and quotes. A top model in Paris, her face has been on all the fashion magazine covers, and Milton Greene, who took such luscious pictures of Marilyn Monroe, flew to Holly-



BEFORE taking off on their separate location trips, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake have fling.

wood to do ditto on Suzy. Here are some Parker quotes: "I think European men are more stimulating, but I'm giving Americans a chance to prove I'm wrong." . . . "I like my freedom, so I'm in no hurry to marry." . . . "One of my favorite hobbies is shooting, and I can knock the ashes off a cigarette at 20 paces." She's quite a girl; even in "reel life" she wins Cary Grant from Jayne Mansfield.

BLOWS BUDGET—While her ever-lovin' husband, Steve Parker, has been making TV films in Japan, Shirley MacLaine has been making a few movies of her own. She's just bought a new home in the Hollywood Hills and is in the midst of furnishing it. The day we chatted, she was wrestling with the idea of buying an \$1100 sofa. She kept telling herself, "It's too expensive. After all, I have a year-old daughter to put through college."

EXPANSION—The Jerry Lewises are in the "boo-boo and blueprint" stage trying to figure out how to add rooms to their Pacific Palisades home. The couple



TURNED producer, Gregory Peck, with wife Veronique, plans to star himself in a Western.

need the extra space for the five children that they have.

HELPFUL HUBBY—Stewart Granger, who frequently helps wife Jean Simmons select her wardrobe, is doing ditto for the Western gear she'll wear on their Arizona ranch. He's had special "dude duds" made up, complete with chaps and a porkpie white Stetson hat.

NEW ROUTINE—Rita Hayworth's social life is practically at a stand-still while making "Pal Joey." The company has a new system of working from noon to 8 p.m., with dinner being catered on an adjoining sound stage. Although this snafus any dinner dates, Rita doesn't mind since it also puts an end to those unearthly 5 a.m. make-up calls.

NINTH ANNIVERSARY—Rory and Lita Calhoun plan to celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary aboard their new 42-foot schooner. Rory has changed the name of it from the "Quissette" to "Lady Baron," after his wife, Lita Baron Cal-



AMONG the stars now working in Europe is Kirk Douglas, here accompanied by wife Anne.



ALL'S tranquil on the Anita Ekberg-Anthony Steel front again. They're also on the Continent.



NEWLY wed Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa are part of gala premiere audience.



HOSPITAL benefit party finds June Allyson and Dick Powell whirling around the dance floor.

houn. Business-wise, Rory is engaged in quite a house-cleaning. He's put his Ojai ranch up for sale as well as his rug cleaning business in Beverly Hills.

SPECIAL GIFT—One of Hollywood's nicest love stories is that of the Lloyd Nolans. When the actor was starring and directing in London, he looked around for a special 23rd wedding anniversary gift to his wife. Finally, he bought her an Aston-Martin sports car. And what did Mrs. N. do? She reciprocated by turning over the keys to a silver Jaguar.

PIPER'S PICK—Piper Laurie has moved into her bachelor girl apartment in the heart of Manhattan. Sounds like Piper picked a pip of a place, it's a mammoth eight rooms, ultra-modern, and has a view. Incidentally, she's the only actress we know who has dated on both coasts over a week-end. She completed "Until They Sail" at MGM, had a fun-packed farewell Friday, then planed to New York, arriving just in time to keep a theatre date on Saturday. **END**



MEXICO-bound Dana Wynter and husband Greg Bautzer will shop for a hacienda there.



THEIR FIRST KISS...

set off the
strangest
manhunt in
the history
of crime!



CINEMASCOPE

STARRING

TONY

CURTIS

MARISA

PAVAN

GILBERT

ROLAND

with JAY C. FLIPPEN • TED de CORSIA • ARGENTINA BRUNETTI

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by JOHN ROBINSON and EDWIN BLUM • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

Liz Taylor's search for love



QUEENLY Liz presides over party given at the Cannes Festival by new husband Mike Todd for his "Around The World In 80 Days."

Her dream of happiness has eluded lovely Liz through two broken marriages. Has she finally found it with Mike Todd?

By JOHN MAYNARD

THE THING I am saddest about," Liz Taylor once told an interviewer, "is that I had to grow up all in a rush. Oh, there simply wasn't time to wait! I suppose I felt that being young was a bore. And never realized that when one is young, there simply is nothing to do about it but be young. And such a wonderful way to be if you go about it right—I think. But then, I wouldn't exactly know, would I? But if only I could go back, this much I'm sure of—I'd take it year by year and day by day and hour by hour. I'd have the dates I never had and go on the picnics I never went to and play on the beaches I never saw. But I *can't* go back. No one can."

Now there is certainly an element of poignancy to this diatribe, but the fact also is that Miss Taylor was professedly a happy woman when she delivered it. It was during the fullest flowering of her marriage to Michael Wilding—plus, perhaps ironically, a period when flapping columnar mouths insisted the marriage had had it. Said Miss Taylor this day, apropos the rumors: "In the end, it comes to this. *We* know, Mike and I. *They* don't. And when I say

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CROWNED with a kiss by Mike,
Liz has an unmistakable radiance.

LIZ TAYLOR continued

Blooming early, Liz encountered first love,



OVERNIGHT Liz changed from pretty child to beautiful woman.

marriage and divorce too soon

'They', I mean it to sound like a capital 'T'. All the people who seem to have nothing to do but talk and scribble and guess wrong and wrong and wrong again. *They* say this, *They* say that. But Mike and I,"—the reader should bear in mind this is Mike *Wilding* she's talking about—"we draw a tight little circle around our innermost selves and no one else can get through, and *They* are way, way out in the cold. And after that, what else matters?"

Well, something did. Not then or even the next year, but eventually. A close male friend of Elizabeth Taylor's was one of the very first persons to see her after the announcement of plans for a divorce. He drove hurriedly to the hilltop \$150,000 modern house the Wildings had made such a cheerful shambles of, and found her, understandably, in chaotic emotional straits. These were so chaotic indeed that she told him what the trouble was: a penalty of youth had encountered a penalty of middle-age. She still loved him on that bitter day. He still loved her. So there was nothing to do but part.

And now there is Michael Todd, and it is time for another re-assessment of Elizabeth Taylor. She has told close friends and she has told the world via the press that she is sublimely happy with Mike Todd, and as of this moment of writing, it must be believed. Todd, her associates think, is the man for her, and always was. There was just the circumstance of their never having met, which at that can be a formidable circumstance. Todd is a gambler, an extrovert, a swash-buckler, and very much a man in every way. It is not true that he consciously dominates his incredible wife, but neither does he swash or buckle in her shadow. He throws Rolls-Royces at her, this guy, and yachts, and is tender and pitying and somewhat paternal about the herniated spinal disk that's been hurting her so desperately. But there's not a doubt of his maleness or the vitality of his being. Vitality crackles in him. His voice is firm and assertive, and



CONSOLATION after her divorce from Hilton came to Liz in the person of young director Stanley Donen, but romance was short-lived.



WEDDING NO. 1 to hotel heir Nicky Hilton took place when Liz was just over 18, proved shaky before the honeymoon was even over.

patient in the way only the tough and the strong can afford to be. He's an ugly guy, past 50. So? He's for Liz Taylor, this one, and she's for him.

That's how it was in May anyway, Liz pushing gently on toward 26, lovelier than ever, proof indisputable that a superlative can be capped, ready again to mete out the interview that goes—I-Have-Grown-Up-At-Last. But now it may indeed be true.

What of her youth? It may be perceived in flashes only unless one was there right along—and no one really was there right along but Mother. Mother was there one day ten years ago, take or give a month, when a visiting Eastern columnist, erroneously believed to have a circulation of over a million, was herded into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. Along the wall facing the entrance is where the stars sit and the visiting press or both together if that is what the circumstance is, and on this day Liz Taylor, 15, and her mother and two age group contemporaries of Liz sat at one of the tables. The Eastern luminary was presented, there was desultory talk, and Liz resumed her conversation with her young friends. Her voice, which had been shy and constrained with the columnist, now was eager and vibrant again. They were discussing a beach picnic. The columnist turned to leave.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Taylor.

"—don't have to wrap the hamburgers separately," said Elizabeth to her friends. "See what I mean?"

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Her five years with second husband Michael Wilding were like an idyll, charming but transient

"Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Taylor. "Mr. So-and-So is trying to say goodbye to you."

"What, Mother?"

"You *haven't* said goodbye to Mr. So-and-So, dear."

"Oh," said Elizabeth Taylor, on her very, very best. "It's been *awfully* nice meeting you. Excuse me, please."

"Go on with your picnic," said Million-plus, and left.

Possibly there is a bit of pathos in this thin little anecdote. But she was making \$750 a week, and she was already famous. Not many years later, though, she married for the first time—Nicky Hilton, hotel heir, a handsome and attractive young man except when drinking and then, like most, not so good. Money and fame notwithstanding, that honeymoon of theirs couldn't have been such a much for the violet-eyed, adoring little bride. The wire service men along the Riviera were kept busy. Nicky was gambling, Nicky was no longer "on the wagon." Liz sat in straight-backed chairs in lobbies and waited for him. It was her very first real love and she was less spirited then than now. Later, she had a dilly of a crack-up, but that was—

No. It is better now that 1957's assessment of Elizabeth Taylor go back to the beginning and proceed from there. Flashes are useful only up to a point.

TO begin with, there was a lovely, pleasant woman named Sara Warmbraten who attained some note as an actress as Sara Sothern and who, parenthetically, was brought up in Kansas, not England. She was to be Liz Taylor's mother and to play a major part in her life. Virtually all mothers do, of course, but this was going to be something special.

In Kansas then, Sara Warmbraten met Francis Taylor, and later got to know him real well in London, where Sara Sothern had a notable success in the play "The Fool," and these two were married. The younger of their two children—the older, Howard Taylor, is crowding 28 and despises motion pictures with a chill contempt—was born in London on February 27, 1932, and was named Elizabeth Rosemond. Taylor ran a posh Bond Street art gallery.

The Taylors came to America in 1939, and made their home in Southern California. They settled in Hollywood, where Francis Taylor opened another art gallery.

Liz looked like Vivien Leigh when she was eight years old—an extraordinary accomplishment in itself—and she wasn't yet nine when MGM and Universal Pictures began an unseemly battle for her unproved services. Universal—not yet U-I—won, but did nothing about it, dropping its option on the bemused tot a year later. MGM now grabbed her in her tenth year; but her first chance came not on the lot but on a blacked-out Hollywood street during air raid duty. Francis Taylor was a raid warden. So was Sam Marx, an MGM producer. They talked desultorily this fateful evening and Marx—this story is too preposterous to be anything but true—mused aloud as to where he was going to find a beautiful little English girl, aged ten or thereabouts, to play a small but important role in "Lassie Come Home." There is no doubt in the least as to what Francis Taylor said; Liz tested, along with several other moppets, and got the part. She was, an onlooker has remembered, serene and nerveless, either talented or poised to the point of incredible precocity. Her screen test was without a flaw.

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PORTRAIT of the Wildings at home shows Michael holding young Christopher while Liz and Mike, Jr., seem haunted by impending sadness.





NEW LOOK of decision is revealed in this picture of Liz, taken shortly before the break-up. No longer has she the "mind of a child."

photos pps. 20-21 by Sanford H. Roth

LIZ TAYLOR

continued



LAUGHING Liz enjoys a joke with Monty Clift, a friend who's always stood by her. Their new film, "Raintree County," may be their best.



"RAINTREE COUNTY": Between scenes of the big MGM production, Liz arranges her hair critically or learns lines with the aid of Monty Clift.

**While each new chance
of happiness flickered and died,
Liz's success as a film
star grew steadily brighter**

There followed inconsequential parts in "The White Cliffs Of Dover" and "Jane Eyre," and then—at 12—a very consequential part indeed: the starring role in "National Velvet," a charming story likewise involving a horse. Those who have contended—a group occasionally joined by Liz Taylor—for years that Liz could not care less about acting and stardom are brought up short when they remember the battle she put up for this chance. For six months, she practiced riding two hours a day, getting up to 80 jumps in an afternoon when she reached the necessary steeplechase phase—National Velvet was a jumper. It is redundant today to state that she got the part and became celebrated overnight. Actually of more interest in a personal study is that she slipped a very few years after that from child actress to adult actress without a single hitch. There was no period of transition. In films, and maybe in life, it hasn't happened before or since. The full and immediate flowering made, for once and for all, the Liz Taylor story; whether tragic or comic, pathetic or admirable, none can say for sure. It's up to the viewer.

Here is a viewer: "She's got it made now. I wouldn't blame you for laughing but it's true. That transition they talk so much about was tough in a way, yes, but they shouldn't shed tears over it. She is a woman, you know, and there are compensations. What she missed out on in one way, she made up in another. To us on the lot, it all seemed to happen at once, on one certain day. The day before she'd been a lovely child but nothing more. Then this noon she came in the commissary for lunch. Full skirt, tight belt, low cut blouse. And you know, it wasn't a chest anymore, it was a bosom. And Liz was grown up, all in a night. What do you do, laugh or cry?"

Of that same day, another observer is on record. "Her bosom bounced, she had that look in her eye—and every man at the studio had a new look in his eye, too."

Said Liz, in a famed cry of despair—but this was later: "I had the body of a woman and the mind of a child." Her ambivalence at that time was, to be sure, pathetic. The Hollywood press still has not forgotten her appearance at the opening of an ice show. Studio attaches considered her décolletage too low. A tactical safety pin was affixed. Liz, mortified evidently at being treated publicly as a child, took it off again. Again it appeared. In time, she started to cry. Hollywood's photographers, a case-hardened lot, felt real bad about something this time. They were genuinely touched by what the child-woman was going through.

A GAIN—a viewer. This is a woman, rather on the plain side. She does not like Elizabeth Taylor as much as she respects her. Her viewpoint is a professional one. "This talk about how she'll never make another picture, now it's all Mike Todd, that's nonsense. I don't mean she's lying but Liz is a ham no matter what she says or thinks, and if the right part's there, she'll take it. Mike'll want her to, too. He's a showman. I know Mike. Here's what was the matter. Liz had that unhappy spell. You know, she's only liked four



REHEARSING for "Raintree County." Liz has talked of retiring from films, but friends say, "If a good part comes, she'll take it."

pictures she's done, including her latest, "Raintree County." The others were "A Place In The Sun," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," and "Giant," not that it matters. Well, anyway, she went to New York for the opening of "Last Time I Saw Paris," and the critics panned it. And her. Driving to LaGuardia Airport the next night, she cried all the way. Her point was, what was the use? You do your best, you work your hardest and what happens? The hatchet. Then she said she wasn't going to make any more films. So you see, that one has a history. I will say this: I don't think she'll ever again make a picture for the sake of making a picture. No turkeys. But she hasn't retired, or if she has, you can have my head with an apple in the mouth."

A fourth viewer, closest to her of them all: "She's through. She's found out life can be fun of itself. It's her best and last discovery."

It took her a while at that. She was too beautiful for things to be simple. Love in its various facets tied her into knots. She dated, at 16, football star Glenn Davis, to whom she was "engaged to be engaged." But he went to Korea and she went to England to make a picture, "Conspirator," and at the studio she met a British actor, then 36, who fascinated her. "You know," this man was to say later, "rather than ask the waitress for some salt, she'd walk clear through the commissary to get it from the kitchen, wiggling her hips. Then she'd wiggle her way back." Murmured Elizabeth in return, "That was for your benefit alone, darling." When Michael Wilding recalled this and Elizabeth Taylor corroborated it, it was years later and in another country and they were man and wife. But he did enter her life much earlier than is commonly known.

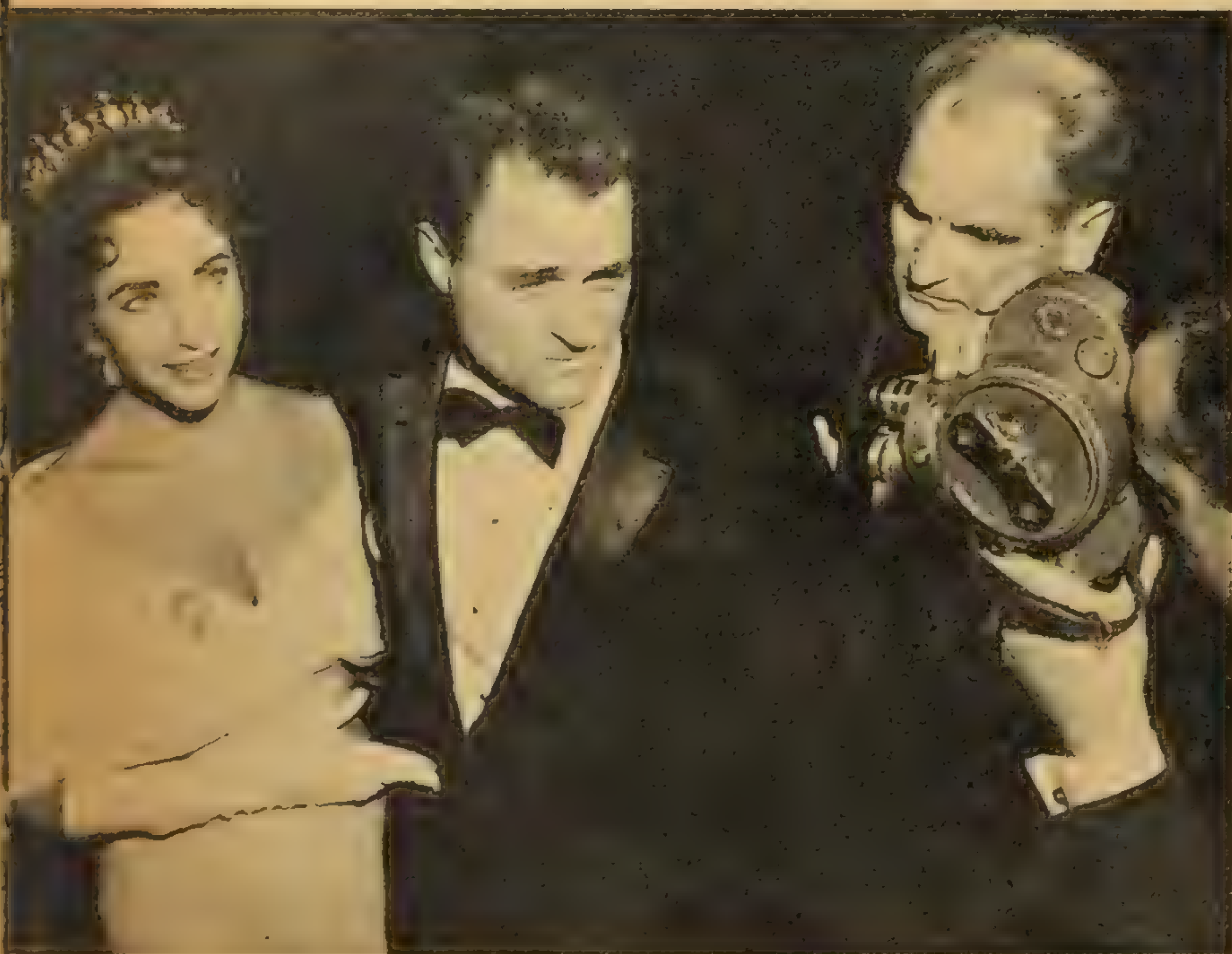
Later, back in Hollywood, she dated casually, even more casually dismissed the ardent attentions of one of the richest

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Tough, strong and vital, Mike Todd is the rock on which Liz is building her new contentment



DIAMONDS and Rolls Royces are not the only gifts Liz receives from Mike. He's at once patient and tender and very much a man.



INDISPUTABLY happy with Mike Todd, Liz seems to be enjoying with him the fruits of the maturity she has so painfully achieved.

men in the world, and yet in the end became, by word of a friend of hers, a bit awed by another fortune, that to which Nicky Hilton was heir by virtue of his filial connection to Conrad Hilton, who has more hotels than most hotels have rooms. It is also Liz Taylor's distinct impression that she was in love with Nicky Hilton, and assuredly she should know. Before her marriage to him, Liz's own father and mother had separated for a while and this in the opinion of some had shaken her feeling of security and driven her to Hilton. Others thought she just wanted to get out from under her mother's influence. But Liz still maintains this was not the case.

SHE and Hilton were wed on May 6, 1950, two months after her 18th birthday. Mobs outside the Beverly Hills church almost tore the walls down. The two honeymooned in Europe, whence Liz wrote her parents exactly one letter—from Paris—in five months. It was a happy letter. Nothing seemed happy after that. Hilton's side of this thing, as is often the fate of the man, is not well known. But it is true that Liz became a chain smoker, lost 20 pounds, and returned with her husband to Hollywood fit to run up the sides of walls. They fought over everything, including money, and finally Liz moved out of their rented house. She was working again, in "Father's Little Dividend." For weeks she lived like a lachrymose gypsy, staying one night at this friend's home, another at that, weeping and semi-sleepless. Hilton's reaction to her departure was one of loving panic. He threw flowers at her in carload lots, telephoned, begged that they reconcile. He caught up with her in person at the home of her agent, Jules Goldstone, and pleaded his case. Badly. His language finally became overly assertive and Goldstone tossed him out. That was that.

Liz now found a secretary-friend named Peggy Rutledge with whom she had, and still has, a warm companionship. But on the set of a new picture, "Love Is Better Than Ever," she cried constantly and quivered with suppressed hysteria during waiting periods. She was incipiently a nervous breakdown. But she did find consolation with the picture's director, young Stanley Donen, and concluded she was in love with him. It is a conclusion to which she had in the past proved herself susceptible. To the intense irritation of her friends and her studio—Donen temperamentally was just not for her—she smooched with him in public, notably one night at the Palm Springs Biltmore. Finally she was dispatched to England to make "Ivanhoe." There she met Michael Wilding again. He was 39 now. This absolutely and for sure was love. And it was. It was true. With the blessing and approval of her closest platonic friend, obsessed, dark-minded Montgomery Clift, she married Wilding in London on February 21, 1952. He had not yet turned 40. She was 19.

Now that is gone, too, but it took a long time going. The two were happily lazy together. They floated in the pool to negate the effort of swimming. They rolled out rather than mount the ladder. They had two sons, Michael Howard and Christopher. Where he went, she went, and vice versa. They never seemed to be making a picture at the same time. That can be good or bad, depending on geographical circumstances. Each anniversary of their wedding, they would dine happily on what they had for their wedding supper in London's Berkeley Hotel: pea soup, bacon and eggs, champagne. Beyond doubt they loved each other, but with one notable change;



ENIGMATIC beauty and flamboyant showman, Liz and Mike, so oddly matched, have proved opposites attract, expect an heir in November.

Liz had started out deeply impressed by Wilding's age, maturity and rich, facile mind. As time went by, she became not so impressed, though still amiable: "Lover, you're my husband, not my father." Then the thing that happened happened, and they were irremediably apart.

Soon into her life stormed Mike Todd. Todd is a minor legend around New York, and became a major one around Hollywood after he'd persuaded umpty million dollars worth of film talent to do bit parts in his picture, "Around The World In 80 Days," for next to nothing. Surely here is a persuasive fellow. For years he was a brilliantly successful producer of Broadway musicals. Then, on a major effort, he came a cropper. He was stone broke. Typically, the condition did not bother him too much or prevent him from grabbing dinner checks, but broke he was. So what do you do when you're broke? Get a new film process, Todd-AO, going, make the outstandingly successful picture of the year, walk off with an Oscar, become rich again, and marry Elizabeth Taylor. As reported, in fact Todd's a tough one *mucho hombre*. He doesn't believe in pity. He believes in strength and courage.

He's a plunger and a spender, in many respects a character straight from a dated frontier, another time. But he knew what he wanted. So, after a brief spell, did Elizabeth Taylor, the legend, the woman, the beauty, the child who never was a child, the mother.

For a long time, their marriage was a foregone conclusion. None doubted their love, least of all themselves. There was no hiding it, no attempt to hide it. The estranged Wilding flew to Mexico to facilitate the divorce. Days later, they became Mr. and Mrs. Todd, the bride semi-crippled and tormented again by her aching, ailing back. Rolls-Royces and Todd proclamations filled the air. The press was happy. Todd was happy. Liz, her physical pain notwithstanding, was happy.

Of course, she's been happy before. Bets are not advisable. But Todd is as tough inside as out. All her life she may have been waiting for one like that—all of 25 years. But they have been years indeed. She has been storm-shaken just a bit over-time. The lagoon she is said now at last to have found must look to her very calm, most protective and extremely beautiful after so much rough sailing.

END

"Confessions of a homely

In this revealing story of his own romances, Ernest Borgnine offers proof that a plain guy can wow the girls

By ERNEST BORGNINE

"MY BEAT-UP face didn't prevent me from marrying the girl I loved," says Ernie, with wife Rhoda. That beard is for "The Vikings."



YOU may find this hard to believe, but when I was a kid growing up in New Haven, Connecticut, I wasn't half bad-looking. I can show you pictures of me when I was 16, and brother, I had one of those nice, svelte physiques. You'd think I should have had it made, that I should have been beating off the girls, and having the time of my young life. But the truth is that I was shy and backward. I had a terrible inferiority complex, and I literally was too bashful—or whatever you want to call it—to ask the time of day. I'm not kidding.

I wouldn't say I was a complete washout with the girls in those days. That wouldn't be entirely true. But I was no great ball of fire, that's for sure. I guess I had a couple of schoolboy romances, the same as any other kid. But I didn't have 'em crawling out of the woodwork—like you might figure any slender, good-looking boy would.

You may find this even harder to believe, but I didn't really discover what it meant to enjoy popularity with the girls until after I joined the Navy, started to drink beer, and ran my weight from 134 to 234 pounds! I was porky and jowly and—I suppose you can say—homely, but it didn't bother me none, and it didn't seem to bother any of the girls I met and dated.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not boasting. It's just that there always have been—and no doubt always will be—enough girls to go around for all of us plain, ordinary, unspectacular looking guys. Like Lincoln said, the Lord must have loved us, and must have been sure that the girls could love us, or he wouldn't have made so many of us. I wasn't in the Navy very long, going out with my shipmates, before I made what I think is a pretty important discovery: the only time a plain guy is out of the running with the opposite sex is when he disqualifies himself!

He—and he alone—louses himself up by casting judgment on himself instead of letting others judge him. He decides he isn't good-looking enough, he isn't good enough, smart

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Romeo"



"THE ONLY time a plain guy is out of the running with the opposite sex is when he disqualifies himself," Ernie found out in his Navy days.

Photos by Curt Gunther

"A guy's looks are forgotten when

enough, smooth enough or what have you. He loses out not because he's a common, ordinary guy, not because he isn't an Adonis, but because he doesn't believe in himself enough to be himself.

You know, it's a funny thing, but ever since I made "Marty," people act as if I opened up a new way of life—as if ordinary guys never made it with girls before, as if I suddenly emancipated the homely romeo from his shackles of loneliness. Thanks for the compliment, but no thanks. That stuff's been here all the time.

I'll let you in on a little secret. Even though I won a deeply cherished Oscar for playing the part of Marty, it was one of the easiest acting jobs I've ever done. I've been a plain, ordinary guy all my life, and I played a plain, ordinary guy in the picture. I could believe because I lived it.

The trouble with so many people in real life is that they knock themselves out trying to catch up with life as it's lived in movies. In "Marty," it was a case of movies finally catching up with real life, and if the amazing mail I'm still receiving is any indication, thousands of people were thereby relieved of frustrations and insecurities which stood in the way of their personal happiness.

I've always found that it's not how good-looking you are that counts, but *what* you are that counts. And I mean with the girls, too. Not only on the job, or in your own home.

I remember once when I was stationed in New York, I had a blind date with a girl, and we had a real swell time. We went bowling and dancing, and at the end of the evening I took her home. Instead of kissing her good night, I merely shook her hand.

Later, she confessed to me that when she got inside, she

stood in front of the mirror and said, "Something must be wrong with me. Why didn't he kiss me?"

Sure, I suppose I could have given her the rush act, but what would I have gained? Instead of seizing the initiative, I would have lost it. Interestingly enough, she thought because I didn't kiss her right off the bat that something must be wrong with *her*—not with me. She wasn't thinking of my looks, but of *me*, of what kind of guy I was, of *me*, of what made me tick.

Naturally, it didn't take her long to decide that there was nothing wrong with her after all. There was only one decision left. This Ernie must be a pretty nice guy, a gentleman. And because I acted with restraint on our first date, she was more than happy to see me again. We went out many more times. We did wonderful things together and had wonderful times—but it was not the kind of romance begun on a kiss. We were just two people having a good time, and that way the romance didn't have to be prodded. It took care of itself. After all, any man can kiss. Any woman can kiss. I think most girls like to be taken for themselves before they're taken in your arms.

I'm sure there's nothing wrong with being handsome, but it isn't necessary. And contrary to what some handsome guys might think, it's a long way from being enough in itself. A guy can be as homely as sin, in my opinion, and he'll have no trouble with the girls as long as he's pleasant, considerate and courteous. That's where the sex appeal really is—not in dimpled cheeks, finely chiseled features and wavy hair.

I'm no different from any one else. I used to have the

DUBIOUS at first about Daddy's sprouting beard, five-year-old Nancy soon lands in Ernie's lap, and shows that, to her, he always looks good.



his real personality takes over"

qualms any common, ordinary guy has. I used to have a feeling of inferiority when I looked at those guys on the screen. Let's admit it. Every man believes that within himself lies a lover in some way, shape or form. But he can't express himself like those good-looking boys on the screen. When the average guy goes to the movies with his wife, she suddenly becomes unhappy with her lot, and says, "Oh, look at that beautiful hunk of man! How I'd love to have him make love to me!" The guy is insulted, actually. He says, "What's this guy got that I haven't got?"

They felt a lot better when they saw a common, ordinary, not good-looking man like me get up there and have a love affair in front of their eyes. Then they felt a sense of identity instead of frustration. They felt all was not lost. If someone as homely as that Borgnine guy could pull it off, anyone could.

After all, the whole thing behind human compassion is the mating instinct. Deep down every guy wants to get himself a mate. When they saw poor old Marty get a mate up there, they knew there was hope.

But in all honesty, looks are beside the point. In fact, being handsome can be more of an obstacle than being plain-looking. A lot of these guys with handsome kissers tend to let their guard down. They tell themselves, "I'm so pretty, nobody can turn me down." Yet if they don't develop their personalities, they're nowhere. They become automatons and bores, and become the loneliest guys in the world.

An ordinary-looking guy naturally isn't apt to think he's God's gift to women, and right there he's one up on the pretty boys. That automatically makes the girls like him better. They think he's easier to get along with.

"WHEN I was a kid, I was too bashful even to ask the time of day."



TICKLISH problem, this beard. "My Academy Award role, 'Marty,' was one of my easiest acting jobs. I could believe because I lived it."

Until I joined the Navy when I was 18 in 1935, I guess I was pretty much of a social failure. For one thing—and it was a pretty big thing—I couldn't dance. This is a far worse social liability than the homeliest face. I thought dancing was mostly for sissies, you know. I used to think, "What do they accomplish getting out there on the floor?"

BUT when I started going out with my shipmates, I had a miserable time until I learned how to dance. I remember the first time I danced. I went with my buddies to a square dance in the Valley of the Purple Hills outside of San Diego, and a girl grabbed hold of me and said, "Let's go."

My camaraderie with my buddies in the Navy helped me forget my shyness and overcome my insecurities, and I never gave a thought to how I looked. Making friends was no problem at all—and girls make the best friends. The one thing I like to do is talk to people. It makes no difference who they are, or what they are. And the one thing I've discovered is that people like to talk to people who like to talk to people.

I don't even remember how I got my first date with a girl, but I do know—even with my porky appearance and butcher clerk face—once I learned to dance it never was a problem.

Let's put it this way. If I were born with Rudolph Valentino's face I couldn't have had any more fun out of life, any more satisfactions and happiness than I've had with the face my Maker gave me. I don't care who the guy is, or in what walk of life. I don't care if he's homely, average or devastatingly handsome, looks are forgotten the minute the personality takes over. Some guys make the mistake of thinking they are defeated before they start because they're

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DEBRA PAGET:



LADY IN wading in a Baghdad harem turns out to be Debra in the new Paramount picture, "Omar Khayyam," set in eleventh century Persia.

photos by Bud Fraker

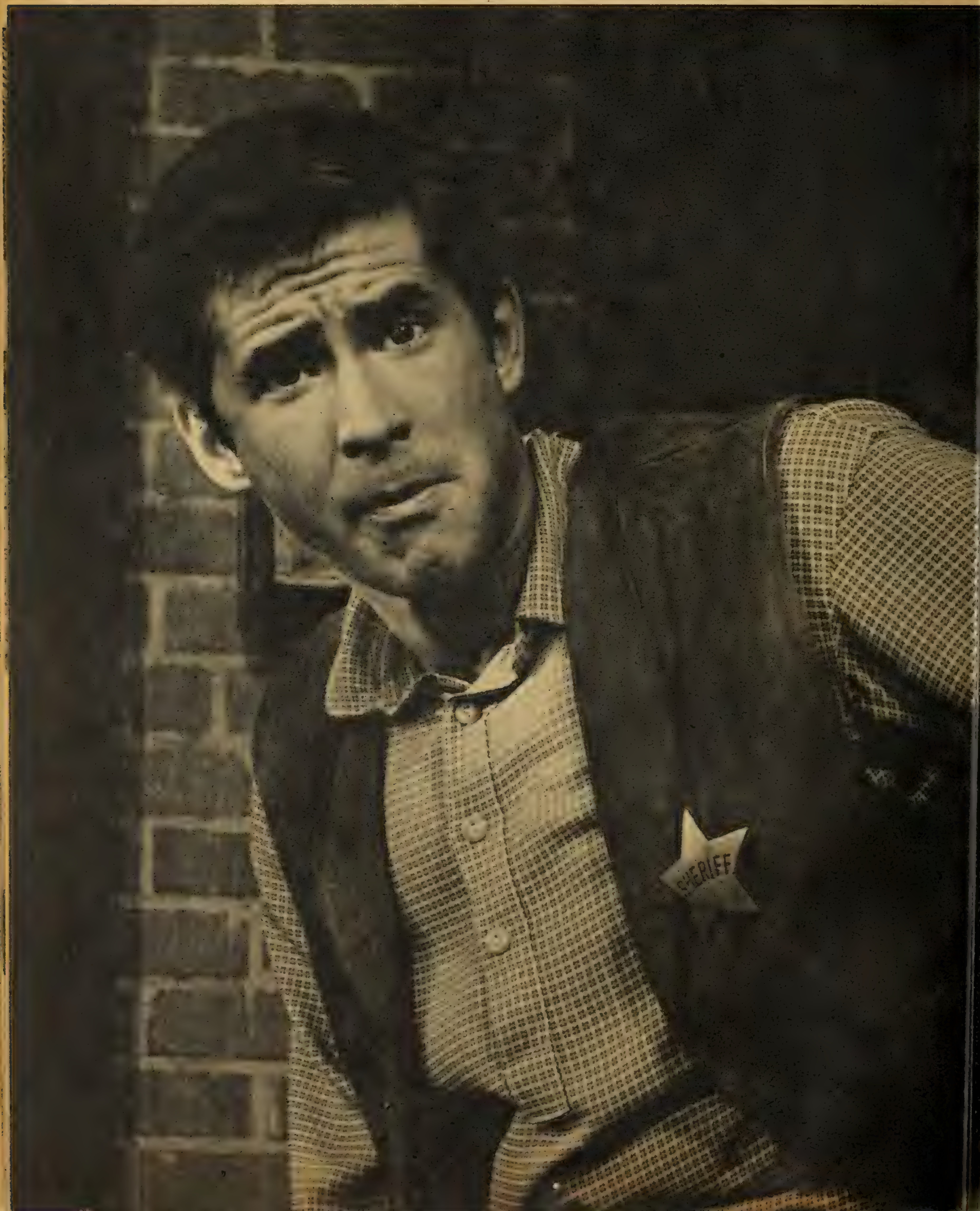


**The sight of Debra underneath
the bough proves very inspiring
to the poet Omar Khayyam
in the movie version of his life**

DRAPED in a towel or a silk robe, Debra causes some wild doings in the ancient East.

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END



By **BILL TUSHER**

TONY PERKINS TELLS:

"WHY

HOLLYWOOD

GIRLS

LEAVE ME

COLD!"

"I can't stand aggressive women," Tony sounds off, when hounded by calls from beauties he's never even met

DON'T get Tony Perkins wrong. Paramount's lanky boy wonder is really very fond of Hollywood girls, but. . . .

Well, let's put it this way. A couple of weeks ago, the droll and engaging Mr. Perkins phoned to invite a girl to a premiere with him. It was ten or ten-thirty in the morning, but you'd think he'd awakened her in the middle of the night.

After interminable ringing, he finally heard the receiver being picked up. This was followed by a long silence. While Tony kept pitching determined hellos into the mouthpiece, all he could detect were agonizing little sounds from the other end of the phone. It finally struck him to his dismay that the young lady wasn't up to anything as weighty as saying, "Good morning," so he tried to save the day with even smaller talk.

"Isn't it nice out?" he asked hopefully. He figured this would make it as easy on her as Groucho Marx challenging a contestant to reveal who's buried in Grant's Tomb.

"Gee," the girl's voice was blurred with sleep and full of the pain of sudden awakening when she finally found it. "I don't know, honey. I haven't been out yet."

"She was sleepy, out of sorts and confused," Tony spreads out his indictment. "She was irritable, and I was irritated. It was impossible to converse with her. I decided to give it up, and call two hours later, by which time I presumed she would have come out of the ether."

Tony doesn't have the vaguest idea of what puts Hollywood girls under this morning anaesthetic.

"It's a special lethargy which attacks the female sex out here," he observes with undisguised bewilderment. "The same girl in New York would have been bright and cheery. She'd have been up hours earlier, would have taken her dog to the park, would have had her breakfast, and would have been just about to start on her rounds."

A mouthful of yawns, Tony feels, is an awful way to start a conversation. If falling into the same indolent habits means going Hollywood, he thinks he's safe.

"I don't let that tropical torpor get me," he says firmly. "I'm up at seven o'clock every morning of my life, including Saturdays and Sundays, especially in Hollywood. Here life seems to start later and end later, which I find deplorable."

Tony also discerns that Hollywood girls have certain lamentable tendencies when they finally do stagger out of bed. His general reaction to Hollywood's home-grown dolls is that they

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BEWILDERED by the "special lethargy that seems to attack girls out here," Tony notes that even when awake they're "conversationally nil."

He finds Hollywood girls "car happy, party punchy, premiere groggy"

are largely aggressive, conversational slackers, obsessed with careers, simple but unable to enjoy the simple things in life, car happy, party punchy and premiere groggy.

This is not to say Tony is of the belief that Hollywood girls don't have their redeeming features. This is merely to suggest that their redeeming features often manage to escape him.

Particularly when he gets seductive telephone calls from girls he doesn't know. With misplaced courage that would better be used for foiling ice cream parlor holdups, they unearth his telephone number and ask *him* to take *them* out. Lest anyone labor under the quaint notion that they may have heard flattering reports on his boyish charm, Tony hastens to disabuse you of such romantic nonsense. He swears that his sudden popularity with these total strangers of the opposite sex is due only to their belief that he might be able to do them some good in the business.

Tony levels no charge which he's not in the unhappy position of being able to back up. In a typical experience along these unsavory lines, he got a call from a girl he'd never seen or heard of. She confessed that he didn't know who she was, admitted disarmingly that she didn't know who *he* was, but

explained that she was a friend of a friend of his. Having disposed in very workmanlike fashion of the preliminaries, she asked if he'd like to take her to this party.

"It will be a very nice party," she assured the flabbergasted Tony in a come-hither tone. "There will be a lot of nice people there, and," at this point her voice rose significantly, "there will be loads of *important* people there."

This is the inevitable pitch that always bugs Tony. *There will be lots of important people there.* That's supposed to break down the last pocket of resistance.

Although, to put it mildly, Tony was floored to be sought out this way, it was his inclination in the beginning to go along for a while. He did this on two theories—(a) he just might have a good time despite the disconcerting approach, and (b) he thought it only sporting that he should expose himself tolerantly, if suspiciously, to local custom before he undertook to rebel against it. So when this first girl finished telling him how beautiful she was, and asked him to escort her to the party, Tony shrugged: "Okay, I will."

He checked their alleged mutual friend, and learned that he'd never heard of her! But Tony went anyhow. By then,

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GUN-TOTING Tony twirls a mean six-shooter for Paramount's "The Tin Star." Starlet Elaine Aiken, a Broadway girl, is a favorite date.



East or West, the girls go for Tony, and he admits some movie dolls can be wonderful



curiosity had the best of him. He discovered, as he had feared, that this was an aggressive wench who thought, foolishly, that she could get something out of him.

"This happens rather often," Tony confesses sheepishly, "but now I'm on guard. At first I used to answer my phone without thought as to who might be calling. When it was one of these pushy girls, I'd let her go through her spiel, let her give me the party buildup and get around to ask me sweetly, 'Why don't you take me?' Then I would tell her why."

It's not that Tony has unqualified objection to being asked out by a girl. If he appreciates the motives, he can be as flattered as the next guy.

"Actually," he points out generously, "this same sort of thing happened in New York, but in a different way. So I didn't mind it too much. There, if a girl called for a date, at least it was someone I knew. It wouldn't represent an act of female aggression in this case because it would be entirely proper in terms of the rapport we shared."

Tony draws a fine, but vital, line of distinction on this delicate matter of etiquette.

"You see," he squirms, "I heatedly object to being aggressed. I'm all for girls—girls not necessarily over-feminine and helpless, but at least not too pushy. I'm a great believer in the difference between boys and girls, and I think that's a difference that ought to be appreciated and cultivated. Some girls in Hollywood are so aggressive they behave like—like agents! Some of them are very strident and too businesslike. That's not for me. I like a girl who doesn't know much about business—hers or mine—a girl who doesn't know all the answers, a girl who has to have at least a few things explained to her."

Once he dates a Hollywood girl, as far as any stimulating conversation goes, all Tony can say is, "Westward, ugh!"

There was no rancor in Tony's voice. He wasn't emotional about it. It is doubtful that the opposite sex ever was carved up at the hands of a more gentle assassin.

"The sad truth," Tony faced it calmly, "is that you can't get anybody to talk about anything but movies in Hollywood—not even unimportant things. I met a girl at Allied Artists while I was doing 'Friendly Persuasion,' and she seemed like a nice, self-possessed type. So I suggested that we go out, play miniature golf, and have dinner. It was a big mistake. She'd recently been put under contract to someone or other, and that's all she talked about. So I just got off her wave length and got a very good score. Out on a date, I'd rather talk about anything but movies—even something I'm not particularly interested in, just to take a recess."

Tony actually takes unusual precautions against the encroachment of movies on his free time. One evening, as he called for a date, he suggested to her hopefully, "Let's not talk about movies tonight."

She responded brightly, "That's a wonderful idea. Let's not talk about movies. Isn't that sensational? Not talking about movies! What a crazy bit! What ever made you think of it? That's the greatest I've ever heard. Spending a whole evening not talking about movies!"

Now Tony has evolved a better plan. Just before a date he'll send a girl a wire: "Let's not talk about movies tonight."

"This," he reports happily, "seems to work fine."

SHEDDING his "Tin Star," Tony will play an ardent admirer of Sophia Loren in "Desire Under The Elms."



"MAYBE the girls can't help it," Tony decides sheepishly after pinpointing the flaws of filmtown femmes. Besides, they're so easy on the eyes.

Tony is delighted with blonde Elaine Aiken, a Broadway girl as distinguished from a Hollywood girl, because Elaine never mentions movies. He's seen a lot of Elaine ever since they played sweethearts in "The Lonely Man" at Paramount, and he finds her refreshing because she hasn't succumbed to Hollywood platitudes.

"There's never a loss for things other than movies to talk about when I'm with Elaine," Tony says with a pleased smile. "She goes back and forth quite a lot—back East, that is—and she keeps me up on mutual friends she's seen, what's happening back in New York, her family on Long Island, what she's doing with her home, things you might talk about if you were going out on a date in suburban Des Moines."

Another girl Tony dates a good deal is Norma Moore, his leading lady in "Fear Strikes Out." He's indebted to Paramount, because he meets such stimulating girls that way.

"Norma," he declaims enthusiastically, "is wonderful, just wonderful. But like Elaine, she's not a Hollywood girl either. Norma's from North Carolina—where they also manage to talk about other things besides movies. She's completely different from Elaine. I have a different kind of time with her, but the kind of time I enjoy having."

"She's a great reader," he notes. "She's interested in records, and so am I. She's an excellent conversationalist. She's opinionated—but that doesn't have to be a word that's bad, does it? All it means is that you have your own opinions. She has plenty of opinions, and we have a swell time discussing them."

Tony finds this a welcome change from Hollywood girls who usually take radar readings to find out if it's safe before they even think of airing an opinion.

"In Hollywood," Tony shakes his head in amazement, "girls aren't interested in talking when you take them out. They're interested in being photographed. When you go out in New York, nobody pays any attention to you. You go to the theatre. You walk home, and you've had a nice, restful, uninvolved, casual evening."

Tony is convinced that such, unfortunately, cannot be the case in the city of dream factories.

"You can't have a casual evening in Hollywood," he laments. "If you're going anywhere, even some place insignificant, they're firing flashbulbs at you all the time. They're taking you away from your girl and telling her, 'You don't mind, honey.' She's left there with her mouth hanging, and you're lined up against a stone wall getting your picture taken."

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Dodo on the

"A woman's got a right to change her mind!" Doris insists, defending herself against an assortment of critical barbs

By AMY FRANCIS



"MARRIAGE vs. a career is no problem for us," says Doris (here befriending a young stranger). "Marty and I have so much to share."

"EVERY now and then," says Doris Day, "you read things about yourself in the magazines and the newspapers and then you read your fan mail and find that people are puzzled at seeming differences and inconsistencies. So, occasionally, it's a good idea to set the record straight."

And a good way to do that, she agrees, is to play the venerable game of "True or False," which we are just about to do right now. Here we go!

Q. True or false, that you plan to give up the gay singing and dancing roles and go in for straight drama?

A. False, although I know a great many newspaper columnists have said that I felt this way. They are wrong. Certainly I was pleased that the public accepted me in a straight dramatic role in "Julie." But . . . and this is an important "but" . . . so many of them said that they liked me better in singing and dancing parts, I shall certainly try to mix the types of things I do in the future. Some drama but a great deal of song. My current picture, "Pajama Game," is a musical, and now I'm making "Teacher's Pet" with Clark Gable, a comedy. You see, I'm trying to please everyone, including myself!

Q. True or false, that you think the husband should be head of the house, head of the family, both at home and in business arrangements. How are you working this out with your husband, Marty Melcher?

A. Well, in our household it's mostly true. Marty is certainly the head of the house in that he keeps everything organized and running smoothly, even most of the household arrangements. He manages all of our business affairs, both his and mine, and I practically never hear anything about the details.

But if there are major decisions to be made, decisions which affect both of us, then we sit down and talk and talk and talk. I hate to make decisions and am usually afraid of them. But Marty makes me face up to them if they are vital to us, makes me try to understand them. And after we have batted them to and fro, a light will dawn. That's it. Suddenly we see that the whole thing is there in a nutshell. What a wonderful feeling that is, that feeling of total agreement!

Q. True or false, that success came easily to you? Or was it the other way around? And how did it affect your viewpoint?

A. This has two replies. The first answer is "false" because I worked and worked very hard in show business from the age of 16. You couldn't call that getting success "the easy way." I lived, almost literally, in a trunk, I did one night stands for years. Traveling with a band is one of the most rugged careers a girl could have . . . and I had it.

But after I arrived in Hollywood, everything seemed to smooth out in front of me. Everything seemed easy and wonderful and triumphant.

And that, I guess, explains a lot of things about me. Why I

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grill

"TRAVEL holds no glamour for me now. My early career was a series of one-night stands."

"I used to be afraid of decisions but Marty



TO BUY? Doris wonders. Dressing up for a formal affair is fun now, but in the past, it was too hard for me to find the right clothes."

don't like to travel, even to world glamour spots. I've *had* it.

I'm the girl who does *not* want to "toss a few things into a bag" and take off for New York or Jamaica for a night club opening. For years night clubs were for me just places to *work*. "Tossing things into a bag" meant a sleeper jump to Wichita. One of my greatest luxuries and joys, these days, is the privilege of just staying at home in the house I love, with my husband and son!

Oh, I like to dash the few miles to Palm Springs for some sun and tennis and loafing. But I have no wish to roam the world, believe me. So many people in the industry have been thrilled in recent years by location trips to places like Africa or Tokyo. I enjoyed my European jaunt last year, but now I really don't care if I never get farther away from home than Palm Springs!

Q. True or false, that you think there has been too much discussion of the problem of career-versus-marriage or two careers in one family?

A. True. I honestly don't see what there is to discuss. I think two careers in one family are wonderful. Of course, in Marty's and my case I suppose it's especially wonderful because our careers dovetail so nicely.

But I know plenty of women who call themselves "housewives" and who are very discontented about the whole thing. I think this is especially true if they are sufficiently well-to-do so that they don't have the entire physical care of their children and don't have to undertake all the housework. These are women who "run" their houses and a more unhappy lot of people I don't know.

When they go out with their husbands they feel left out of



has made me face up to them"

all the dynamic conversation about what other people are accomplishing. They have no sense of direction.

One of them tells me, "At the end of my dull day my husband comes home from his exciting one . . . only he is tired and wants to rest. I'm bored and want to do something interesting. That sounds like a small problem but it can grow into a big one." These people have no common meeting ground.

What that girl really lacks is a sense of accomplishment, the feeling that what she is doing is as important as what he is doing. The hours have something to do with it, too. When I wind up a long day at the studio, well, Marty's has been just as long and just as hard. When we have a few free weeks, we usually have them at the same time and can do all the lazy things we have been planning together.

Q. True or false, that one of your pet aversions is to get all dressed up for a formal affair?

A. False. But it used to be true. And the solution to my problem was simple! You see, I have a rather unusual figure—long-waisted—and have always been difficult to fit for clothes. I could never, but never, buy anything ready-made without spending endless tiresome hours for alterations. And even then I was limited to certain types of clothes. It simply never seemed worth the trouble.

But now I have found the most wonderful dressmaker who designs and makes things for me which are unlike anything I have ever had before and which are so *right* for me. Now that I can have evening things which I really enjoy wearing, I adore to get dressed for an evening out. And Marty has bought me such beautiful furs to go with them. I've turned into a real gadabout. That was a psychological thing, I guess.

Q. True or false, that you don't like to give or attend big Hollywood parties?

A. True, in general, although I must make some exceptions. Some of Hollywood's big parties are perfectly lovely, beautifully planned, fabulous productions. The guests are carefully chosen and the hostess arranges for people to circulate so that you see and talk with people you know or meet new people who interest you. It's especially wonderful when you make new friends.

BUT . . . these perfect parties are the exceptions, and when I say that in general I don't like big parties, I mean I don't like most of them. Too often you drive a difficult distance, reach the house and plunge into a milling crowd of people who are either utter strangers or who act as if they were. No one introduces anyone to anyone. I don't mix with strangers too easily and I am likely to find myself hemmed into a corner with no one to talk to and wishing earnestly that I were at home by my own familiar hearth.

As for giving big parties, myself, well I admit that I am a nervous hostess. No matter how carefully I have chosen my guest list, no matter how carefully I have planned for which people to sit with other people, I am terribly afraid that someone will feel as lost and out of place as I have at other parties. I get too tense.

That's why I have given so few big parties. But I am going to reform. Marty is good at these things and can give me confidence and I am determined that when we get into our new house . . . if we ever DO . . . that things will be different.

Q. True or false, that you have very few women friends and that these are carefully selected for special qualities?

A. False, of course. I have, I hope, many women friends and I certainly don't sort them out and select them for "certain qualities," no matter what you have read about me. We simply happen to like one another and I'm sure none of us



"THE PAJAMA GAME": Troubles in a pajama factory briefly separate union leader Doris and boss John Raitt in this gay musical.

tries to analyze why. Because my work is so demanding, naturally I don't have as much time for hobnobbing with other women of my age as some people do. But since we have joined the Beverly Hills Tennis Club I have seen much more of my feminine friends than I ever did before. Donna Reed is one of my closest companions.

It happens, now that I think of it, that most of the girls with whom I have the most fun are not actresses. They are the wives of our attorneys or public relations men. One is an assistant dance director at a studio. Some of them aren't connected with pictures in any way. I guess Donna is the only "big name" on my list of intimates but I hadn't thought of it until now. They just happen to be people I like and who, I think, like me.

When we can, we meet at the club and play tennis and swim and sit around and gossip just as any other women do. Then, if our husbands can join us, we "gang up" for a trip to the delicatessen down the street where we eat hot dogs and the men try out weird things like sauerkraut. We seem to laugh a great deal! Sometimes, when all our schedules permit, we have dinner together, complete with husbands, at one another's houses. We all enjoy that too.

I'm sure there aren't any "special qualities" which attract

continued



DYNAMIC quality of Ben's face stands out as he crosses Boston Commons not far from the theatre where he was starring in "Hatful Of Rain."

BEN GAZZARA

Mr. Gazzara goes to Boston

photos by A. L. Goldman

The vibrant star of "The Strange One" sets the Hub afire in one of the Broadway roles that made him famous

HOMETOWN paper for Ben is "The New York Times" which he buys near Commons. He comes from Manhattan's Lower East Side.



MARQUEE advertises the play in which Ben's recreating the agonies of a drug addict attempting to "kick the habit."

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BEN GAZZARA continued

**Roaring with laughter or resting backstage,
Ben reveals his own special brand of rugged charm**



COMEDY interlude with his stage manager between the acts of "Hatful Of Rain" breaks up Ben. He's a graduate of the noted Actors Studio.

TENSION of the second act leaves Ben limp. Having played a sadist, alcoholic and narcotic addict in succession, he'd like a change.





SON of poor Sicilian immigrants, Ben isn't hard-boiled, except on the stage. **END**

JEAN SEBERG SAYS:

“I’m no Cinderella”



Unlike the famous fairy tale heroine, the newest Saint Joan achieved sudden stardom more by work than by luck

photos by Bob Willoughby



A NATURAL cutup, fragile-seeming Jean has lots of stamina. She survived an unplanned fire during the burning scene in "Saint Joan."

By RAHNA MAUGHAN

NO ONE would be surprised if an alert producer should see the possibilities of "The Life Of Jean Seberg," as a Technicolor, panoramic tribute, for a refreshing change, to youth. The cast would have to include such names as Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, John Gielgud, Otto Preminger, and what is known as a glittering assortment of international figures. All these people, in one way or another, have influenced, or at least touched on, the life of Jean Seberg, an almost fragile looking honey-blonde who came from a small town—pop: 20,000—to win a talent contest and become the newest Joan of Arc.

In six months, Fate, with a hefty assist from producer Otto Preminger, had swept Jean from a 20th Century phenomenon of a world-wide talent search into a 15th Century drama, "Saint Joan," from a pony-tail to a crew-cut, and from Saturday night kaffee klatches to interviews in various plush eateries here and abroad. Jean, according to those who know her, has withstood the changes remarkably well. If it's been an experience for her, it's been a revelation for the people who have met her.

With someone as young as Jean—she was 18 on her last birthday—poised on the rim of success, it's difficult to imagine beforehand the effects her overnight fame might have had on her. Naturally, you don't expect she'll hook her thumbs in her skirtband and flip out some excruciating rejoinder like, "Man, it was the absolute most!" Nor did

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JEAN SEBERG continued

On location abroad, teenage Jean charmed a whole continent with her refreshing candor

WINSOME Jean grew up just like the girl-next-door in Iowa, but in her teens began to read a lot and "live alone in her imagination."



FRESH from her "Saint Joan," Jean goes into "Bonjour Tristesse."

she burble something that often passes for profound like, "I'm devoted, simply, utterly devoted to my career." Instead, you get a direct look from gray-green eyes, and the girl before you says very simply and honestly:

"No, I don't feel at all bewildered, or not caught up with myself. Perhaps it's been because most of the people I worked with knew I felt self-conscious. They tried, in so many ways to help. I've often thought how fortunate to learn early in life that the greater the people, or the stars, the more encouraging and generous they are.

"Sir John Gielgud was wonderful and so considerate. Richard Widmark even offered to cue me on my lines, and Ingrid Bergman, whom I had met just once, sent me a telegram wishing me luck." Jean's small face glowed at the memories.

Just returned from the Midwest and a lengthy visit home with her parents, probably the last in a long time, Jean had every reason to be weary. Ahead of her loomed a flight to London. Two days there for one of the premieres of the picture, then back to the United States and a four-week cross-



SCARECROW or shrinking violet, Jean clowns near the studio in England. She likes to travel incognito to "learn what makes people tick."

country tour to meet the press, exhibitors and to get her name bandied about even more than it has. That over with, Jean will hurry back to Europe to star in another Preminger production, "Bonjour Tristesse," based on the novel by Françoise Sagan. Somewhere along the line, she had expected a week or so in Italy to rest up, but the way things look, she will have to settle for some quick dips in the Mediterranean off the French Riviera where "Bonjour" will be filmed.

Back in Marshalltown where Jean's father, Edward W. Seberg, Jr., runs a drug store, the swimming facilities don't come anywhere near to matching those offered on the Riviera, but life was much calmer there—well, as calm as a home with four growing children can be. In this attractive family that is of Swedish descent, there are also Jean's 21-year-old sister, Mary Ann, who plays the bagpipes and goes to Iowa State College, a 14-year-old brother, Kurt, quite shy but who is being forced now, for better or worse, according to Jean, to come out of his shell, and seven-year-old David, who has no conception of what's happened to his sister. The last time

Jean was due to arrive, he was obviously put out and supposed "we got to make that long trip to pick up the actress."

"He'll probably be the one who'll be the actor in the family," Jean laughed. A lanky, strong-jawed waiter leaned over and in a teddibly British accent asked if Miss Seberg would like a strawberry tart. No, no strawberry tart or anything for that matter. Jean, who weighs 108 pounds and wears a size seven dress, wasn't permitted sweets, but that was her least worry.

"One thing I dislike, is the way some people keep trying to turn this into a Cinderella story, and act like I didn't have a brain in my head. It's not true," she insisted.

And how right she is! Cinderella did nothing but suffer and be unhappy. Only in fairy tales is that enough to deserve hitting the jackpot. Before Jean was chosen from among 80,000 entries, she had worked hard toward becoming an actress. She also had her allotment of adolescent unhappiness and feelings of loneliness. It's an established fact that you can be as much a young soul-searcher in a small Midwestern

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JANET AND TONY

SMALL center of Janet and Tony's big house, Kelly is the irresistible reason why the Curtises rush home from the studio at the end of the day.

photos by Don Ornitz, Globe



Kelly in the nursery

**All the gaiety and fun of
the new Curtis home revolves
around the room where
their baby girl holds court**

By HELEN L. WALKER

IN some localities in these United States a baby may just slip up on people, surprise them a bit perhaps, but arrive with little fanfare. Babies are quite common occurrences in a lot of places.

But not in Hollywood. It isn't that we don't have babies here, goodness knows. Just look at last year's statistics. It's simply that Hollywood babies are so special . . . they cause so many ados and confusions, so many upheavals. A Hollywood baby may change the whole pattern of living for a famous pair of people, may alter studio schedules, thus altering the lives and jobs of innumerable employees. A Hollywood baby may even influence the stock market.

Let's consider the advent of Kelly Curtis, the dimpled darling who arrived last June 17th to bless Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. She certainly caused upheavals in the Curtis menage!

They were both in Paris when they learned that Kelly was on her way. By the time they arrived in Hollywood, Kelly's imminence began to have a distinct influence on the local real estate market. Because Tony and Janet looked around the rented home they had been contentedly inhabiting for some time and said, in unison, "Ooooh, this won't DO." They meant, of course, that it couldn't possibly "do" when such an important addition to the family was expected.

Forthwith, they went shopping for a house which would "do" for this all-important baby. And it had to be pretty special. A house which would be "right" for a baby's first days, a house where they could all "put down roots," have birthday parties, Christmas trees, Easter egg hunts, a house where they could all start to establish family traditions and make family history. "A house," Janet said, softly, "which can be expanded for more babies. . . ." It wasn't easy to find, for they were

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"YOU PUT your right foot out"—with lots of encouragement from Momma, year-old Kelly tackles the exciting task of learning to walk.



JANET AND TONY continued



"I NEVER thought Tony and I would enjoy getting out of bed at dawn," says Janet. "But Kelly's at her very cutest early in the morning."

HARMONY in the nursery is threatened, as Kelly's playful grab pins down Tony's flute. He's currently in "Sweet Smell Of Success."



Pint-sized Kelly has touched off

searching for a house designed to last them a long, long time.

They finally found one which looked exactly right. Janet describes it as a "Connecticut country type of house." It is large (nine spacious rooms), with mellowed fieldstone surrounding the lower floors and white painted wood and shutters at the second story. Rolling lawns and clipped hedges and neat gardens surround it and there is a big, glassed area on one side of the house overlooking their lovely view.

Then, of course, they had to "do things to it." Anyone in Hollywood who is going to have a baby has to "do things" to the house, no matter how large or elaborate or lavish it is. You can't just let the little thing think that no preparations have been made for it, can you?

In Janet and Tony's case, the first thing was to arrange and furnish the all-important nursery and kitchen . . . months before the baby was due to make its appearance. It was firmly in the contracts that all the "things to be done" must be done before the Curtises moved in on March 15. (Kelly was born on June 17th!)

Janet was entranced to learn that she could install a whole multiple unit in the nursery which included stove, sink and refrigerator, all in one tidy row. That was done. Pronto.

Then the baby's room was painted, papered and furnished



STRANGER is a foreign word to Kelly. "She loves and opens her arms to everyone," reports Janet, who has just finished "Badge Of Evil."

a full-scale revolution in the lives and times of the Curtis family

with everything that a baby could possibly need. The nurse's room was enlarged and made comfortable.

Then the kitchen was made bigger and additional equipment was installed. "You just never know what you are going to need," Tony and Janet seriously agreed.

Janet giggles now, "All the workmen got so interested in the baby and in my 'condition' . . . I think they all felt a personal interest in my pregnancy. Every day when I would come up to see how things were coming along they would all ask me, in the most anxious manner, how *I* was doing! There were about 20 of them, sharing my 'interesting condition' and keeping track of it, too!"

Then the washer and drier had to be bought and installed, a diaper service contracted for . . . and Janet and Tony thought, taking deep breaths, that they had done everything to prepare for the baby's arrival.

BUT Janet had forgotten one thing. The Showers. No baby arrives in Hollywood without a dozen or two Showers at which gifts galore and more than galore are piled on the mother-to-be in such profusion that she is often left bewildered. Janet got smart about all this. When her friends told her of their plans, she persuaded them to agree to one shower, with

husbands invited, so that it could really be a gala affair.

"I didn't see why it should be confined to just girls . . . women. Why shouldn't the men be in on the fun? It was a 'swingin' success' and lasted until four in the morning. And no photographers."

In their frantic preparations for Kelly, Janet and Tony didn't pay any attention to their own needs. So when they moved into "Kelly's house" (as they call it now) on March 15, 1956, they had exactly one chair downstairs to sit upon, themselves. And the baby wasn't even due until June.

So they bought some chairs and then looked around for other things to "do to the house" before the baby should arrive. They found plenty, of course. These things can grow on you, especially in Hollywood.

Janet's and Tony's bathrooms were remodeled and an addition made for a powder room. Then they began thinking about "what if there should be another baby not too long after this one?" And they had blueprints drawn up of additions to be made in that happy event, an enlarged nursery, room for another nurse and so on. This "other baby" is now so real to them that they are planning for it to arrive next year.

"After all," Janet says, contentedly, "we can go on making additions and enlargements to the house for years and years!"

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Test your fashion sense!

Do you know what to wear with what?

Do you know which fashions are coming in

—and which are on their way out?

Are you a smart shopper?

Take this quiz and find out!



By Natalie Wood
Warner Bros. star now
in "No Sleep Till Dawn"

The girl with the flair for fashion: She's dressed in a smart black synthetic suit that's cool for now, but definitely fall in feeling. She wears the newest little brimmed hat, in the newest way, pulled down on one side. She finishes with pearls and white gloves—she knows black and white are right anywhere.

1 You have a grey flannel suit you bought last spring, and this fall you want to make it look as new as possible. Which two of the following will give you the most fashion mileage?

- a. Accordion-pleated skirt?
- b. A print blouse?
- c. A bright wool blouson jacket?
- d. A matching flannel coat?

2 You're a sweater collector. You need some new date clothes for fall, but you're dying to put the money into some luscious cashmeres you've seen. Should you

- a. Buy the date clothes and give up the sweaters?
- b. Buy the sweaters and give up dates?
- c. Wear the sweaters on the dates, with a party skirt and dressed-up jewels?

3 You're invited to a party on very short notice, and you have "nothing to wear." Should you

- a. Rush out and buy a dress in a hurry?
- b. Stay home?
- c. Wear your most becoming old dress?

4 There's a big fashion revival of the "thirties look." (The kind you're seeing so much of in old movies on TV.) Which of these belong to it?

- a. The little brimmed hat?
- b. The middy blouse?
- c. Newport blue?
- d. T-strap shoes?
- e. Long pearls?

5 When you're fitting a new dress, which of these elements is the most important one to consider first

- a. The shoulders?
- b. The hips?
- c. The waistline?
- d. The length?

2 You have a boxy shortie coat and three slim skirts. You want another skirt in a new fall color to wear with the shortie. Should you buy

- a. A full skirt?
- b. A pleated skirt?
- c. Still another slim skirt?

3 You love sweaters, but feel self-conscious in them because you consider yourself bosomy. Should you

- a. Give up sweaters altogether?
- b. Wear them open over blouses?
- c. Try a long-line bra?

4 The newest suit has a loose, easy jacket, worn open over a soft blouse. It's a revival of a fashion made famous by which of these celebrated designers?

- a. Dior?
- b. Chanel?
- c. Balenciaga?
- d. Givenchy?

6 You love the comfort of pants around the house, especially when your gang meets at your house for pizza and records. But you're awfully afraid you look a touch hippy. Should you

- a. Give up pants?
- b. Wear them, hippy or not?
- c. Enjoy the pants but hide the hips with a gay over-blouse worn outside?

7 If you're going to buy one coat to wear over everything on all occasions, your best choice is

- a. A princess coat?
- b. A camel's hair coat?
- c. A fur-collared coat?
- d. A straight wool jersey coat?

8 You worry about your ankles, because they seem a little heavy to you. Which dress shoe is most flattering?

- a. Dressy flats?
- b. V-necked operas?
- c. Buckled pumps?
- d. Ankle strap shoes?

10 You're bored with your summer clothes, and you want to buy something new. It's too hot to wear fall wools, but it's too late to buy light summer clothes. Which of these buys would keep you cool but look right in September?

- a. A rayon or acetate suit in a fall color?
- b. A tweedy cotton dress?
- c. A cotton knit sheath with short sleeves?

11 For fall you expect to buy three dress-up costumes: a full formal, a satin sheath in a bright color, and a dressy full skirt with a scoop necked top. Which of these wraps will go with all of them?

- a. A dressy pastel wool shortie?
- b. A black velvet jacket?
- c. A faille cape?

12 For a basic daytime dress, which of the following styles will be the newest this fall?

- a. Plaid shirtmaker?
- b. Flannel coat dress?
- c. Wool knit sheath?

14 You have a scoop-necked Empire waisted taffeta party dress in bright red. Which of the following would be the smartest accessories?

- a. Pearl earrings, pin, necklace and bracelet?
- b. Black velvet ribbon around your hair, and pearl bracelet, pearl pin?
- c. Gold earrings, pearl necklace, flower at your waist?

15 For football games, active sports and casual outdoor wear, which of these is newest this year?

- a. Hooded corduroy jacket?
- b. Poplin stadium coat?
- c. Big bulky sweater?

16 One of these fabrics has not been heard of in some time, but this year it's the smash hit of the fashion world. Which one is it?

- a. Peau de soie?
- b. Crepe?
- c. Crepe de chine?

18 You're torn between a certain rather expensive formal you're dying to own, and a pretty but less expensive one. But if you buy the swanky number, you won't be able to afford new accessories for it. Should you

- a. Buy the one you hanker for, and make do with the accessories you have?
- b. Buy your second choice, and complete with new bag, shoes, etc.?
- c. Skip both of them, and save a little longer?

19 Which of the following will give a quick fall look to the summer clothes you're wearing now?

- a. A black velvet belt?
- b. A fur-printed scarf?
- c. A dark-colored fabric handbag?

20 You've shopped the town for a new fall suit and you've narrowed your choice to one that has style, color and fabric you like. But it doesn't fit properly and it needs \$10 worth of alterations.

- a. Should you pick another suit that fits, even though you don't really like the color so much?
- b. Buy the suit you like and skip the alterations?
- c. Pay the extra \$10?

YOU CAN HELP SOLVE

**"STAND UP
AND BE
COUNTED"**



BOB RUSSELL
STAR OF CBS TELEVISION'S
'STAND UP AND BE COUNTED'

Alan Ladd's Dilemma

Should Alan encourage his son David to become an actor or try to let him enjoy a "normal" childhood?

By BOB RUSSELL

ALAN and Sue Ladd are currently confronted with a dilemma which almost inevitably confronts every Hollywood parent eventually. Shall we encourage our young child in his ambition to be an actor? Every actor who has young children bumps into this problem sooner or later. Usually sooner. But the Ladds hadn't expected to have to cope with it so early.

When they took their ten-year-old David on location with them about a year ago while Alan was making "The Big Land," it was for a lark, a vacation. When they allowed him to play a bit in the picture, well that was just for fun, to keep him amused, and they didn't dream that anything would come of it.

But something did come of it. The boy received excellent notices and then Alan and Sue were concerned with trying to keep that fact from him. "Let's not have him getting inflated ideas of his talents at *his age*!" moaned Alan. "I couldn't stand a ten-year-old ham in the family." But you can't keep much from a ten-year-old these days.

So . . . o . . . o the problem reared its head. Shall Alan and Sue encourage David in his acting ambitions? They admit that there are a lot of pros and cons.

On the pro side, Alan says, "The acting business has certainly been good to me. It has brought me money and prestige. It has introduced me to many, many wonderful people whom I wouldn't have met if I hadn't been in it. It has enabled me to

travel to far parts of the world which I wouldn't have seen in any other sort of job.

"On the other hand, David is very young and we don't know that his talent is an authentic one.

"Besides, this boy has the potentiality for being a really good athlete. He has coordination and enthusiasm. If we let him get before the cameras too soon, he may lose his excitement over these other activities and therefore lose an important part of his youth, his growing up.

"He is doing well in the public school he attends, gets along nicely with his schoolmates, makes good grades. I know he would be expertly tutored at any studio which employed him, but wouldn't he miss something in human relationships?

"On the other hand, can you start too soon to develop real acting talent when it shows itself? I just don't know . . ."

Sue says, "The matter of money came up, to our surprise. David has had an allowance of 25¢ a week and we intended for it to continue that way. But of course when he worked in the picture he had to be paid 'the scale' and in no time his school mates were teasing him. 'What's with you being paid 'the scale' and getting a two-bits a week allowance?'

"We finally settled that by telling him that he was being paid 25¢ a *day* but that most of what he earned had to go into a trust fund for his college education later on. He seemed to



"AUTHENTIC talent is hard to judge in a boy of ten," says puzzled Alan. David also shows signs of developing into a first-rate athlete.

accept it but I thought his acceptance was a bit grudging.

"He did break me up, though, when he asked, seriously, 'Do I get to keep about a dime after taxes?'"

But Alan worries, "Perhaps, if we don't let him get started on a picture career he may lose golden opportunities, regardless of the sacrifices of normal boyhood. An acting career demands sacrifices, as I well know. If he is really talented, I wouldn't want to deprive him of the sacrifices. They can be important, too, to any artist.

"He knows, because he has grown up in our family, that no one works harder at his job than an actor does. He knows, too, that acting is a business of controlled emotions, just as an athletic career is a business of well-developed and well-controlled muscular power. He thinks he can have both things in his life. But he is only ten!"

"We are sure we have a talented lad on our hands. Do we start to let him develop his talents now? Or do we mark time for a few years and see how he develops, meanwhile, trying to let him have a normal, 'average' boyhood? Because, let's face it, the life of a child actor is neither 'normal' nor 'average.' It's a real dilemma."

END

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 Rock should sing romantic ballads—76%
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Steno's gift to TV



"**COOKING** makes me feel creative," says Betsy, as she tosses a salad in the spacious apartment she shares with her doctor-husband.

IT WAS a sunny morning in New York's Washington Square when I climbed up to the top—four flights—of a high-stooped red house and knocked on Betsy Palmer's door.

She opened it over the protest of a couple of barking dogs, and as I skidded on a rubber bone I asked if I could see them face to face.

"I shut them in their room," Betsy laughed. "I wasn't sure you liked dogs."

She let them out of their room—a whole, little room painted a cheery color and with nothing in it but a chest of drawers and a couple of beds, dog beds. Names of the beasts were Pandora and Bouffant, two of the happiest grey French poodles in New York.

Betsy, who is tall, slender, blonde and beautiful (with brown eyes), waved me into her immense living room to look around while she brought out coffee.

There was plenty to look at. I decided it was hardly likely that room could be 40 feet long and 25 feet wide—you don't find living rooms like that anymore. Not only the size, but the height. The height was the equivalent of two stories and rose to a cathedral roof with wooden beams cutting across. A golden bird cage, planted with leaves, hung from one of the beams.

White-washed walls. Books. Books everywhere, and paintings and framed drawings of birds and a huge, round Persian tray made of brass lined the walls.

"That's the only thing wrong with this apartment," Betsy said, later. "Nothing stays up on the walls unless you hold it there. It just won't take nails."

In a corner near the front windows, and taking up no more space than a piece of doll's furniture, was a Steinway grand piano. At the far side of the room was the dining area, decorated with antique white furniture and a large table covered by a white lace cloth. All the furniture was old, cozy and of no special period. A throne-like chair near the piano was left behind by the previous tenant. Nearby, a couple of sofas faced each other along a brick fireplace.

"How long have you been living in this wonderful place?" I asked, as Betsy came in with the coffee and sat down on a blue silk sofa.

"Just a year," she said, with smug joy, stretching out in her black velvet slacks.

"Isn't it wonderful? Vinnie (her husband—ed.) and I didn't particularly want to live in the Village, but a real estate agent told us we *had* to see this place. So I dragged Vinnie down. Then we started climbing. When we got to the third floor, Vinnie said, 'I don't care if it's the Taj Mahal up there, it's not for us.' But as soon as we opened the door we knew it was. It made every other place look cramped."

Betsy was so happy with shorthand that show biz almost missed a charming new star

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

"It's like living in a country house. It seems so far away from everything. You ought to see it in winter when snow is on the trees in Washington Square Park. It looks like fairyland. And in summer we can sit out in our roof garden.

"We'll have been married three years in May, but I feel more like a bride today than ever. Vinnie gave me the piano for our anniversary. I play it well enough not to be embarrassed when friends want to hear something. But mostly I play for my own enjoyment. Even when I was a little girl it relaxed me. My folks could always tell when I was upset, because I'd sit and pound the thing for hours.

"So that's my present. When we were engaged Vinnie gave me a hi-fi set. There I was with a diamond and a sapphire, instead of a plain old diamond engagement ring. The fact is, he didn't even ask me to marry him. It just happened.

"I met my husband through a friend of mine—Sy Feinberg, a doctor. I went to see him for laryngitis and he said, 'Betsy, I have a friend, and I think you and he will get along just great together.'

"Well, I really wasn't too interested. I was just shedding a boyfriend. But I thought—what the heck, I'll meet him. Sy and his wife gave a cocktail party and introduced us to each other. That was December. We were married in May. We really started dating in January. I thought he was all right, but that was it. Then, suddenly it dawned on me, here was the man I was going to marry.

"I was up at West Point, working in a movie—'The Long Grey Line.' We were there for four weeks and were about to leave for California. Vinnie decided he wanted to come along. We went to City Hall and got a license and were married in The Little Church Around The Corner.

"The very first night we were married Vinnie had to deliver a baby (as you may have gathered from this, he's an obstetrician). And he delivered *three* on our first anniversary. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for this one."

"Why? Are you planning to go away?" I said.

NO," she said. "I just like him to be around. The fact is, we got back from a vacation last week. We were in Miami and Cuba for the first time. It rained almost every day in both places. We had a real good rest. Neither Vinnie nor I are nightclub-goers, so we hit the sack early.

"We don't go to nightclubs much in New York, either. I love to cook. I just adore it. I had a roommate once who was so bad I had to learn in self-defense. Now I can stay in the kitchen all day long.

"The thing I like about cooking is the feeling of being creative, and the personal pride you feel in putting things on the

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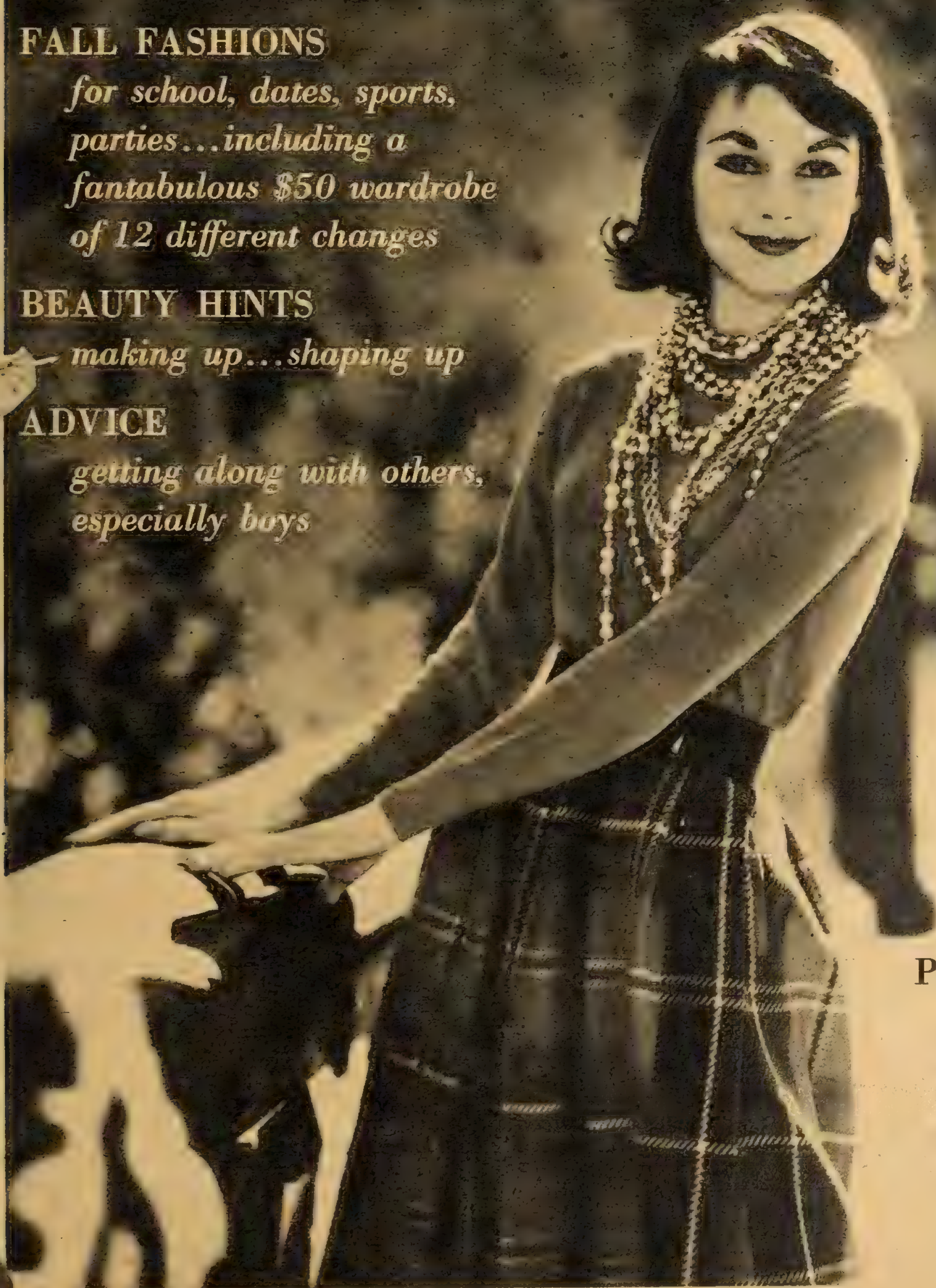
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table that look good and taste better. Sometimes, my husband thinks I'm berserk on the subject of cooking. I love to get together with his mother and talk about recipes. I like lots of Italian type food. I have a wonderful cheese cake recipe. It's the greatest—you have to push the cheese through a sieve.

"We do our entertaining at dinner. Not large groups, not more than six or eight people at a time so that we can sit around and talk.

"Our friends? Well, we have a variety. Mostly, they're not in show business. I don't know why. For instance, Jimmy Daly and I, whenever we work together he says, 'Gee, Betsy, I'd like you to meet my wife. You'd both get along fine.' And I'm always telling him I want him and his wife to come down here, but we just never get together. What is it? Maybe it's the city and the way the time flies.

"A very good friend of ours lives right downstairs. He's an artist; his name is Chen-Si. That's his water color up above the fireplace. Isn't it beautiful? He won a prize for it in 1955. One Sunday morning, Chen took us to brunch at a teahouse in Chinatown. We love to do that sort of thing when we get a chance.

"I LOVE New York. I've been here about six years. I was born in East Chicago. When I got out of high school I went to my mother's business college in East Chicago for six months—she's had the school for 32 years—then I worked for the B & O Railroad for a year-and-a-half as a stenographer. I had no thought at all of going into drama.

"My folks said, 'Don't you want to go away to school?' And I said, 'What for?' I was happy. But I thought about it, and went down to the YWCA to take an aptitude test. The test showed that I had a flair for the arts and that I got along with people. So I said to myself, well, which art throws me in with the most people? That's when I enrolled at the DePaul Drama School.

"I was very fortunate. As soon as I got out of school I was hired as the resident ingenue at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. That was my first season in summer stock.

"Then I did six months in winter stock—in Woodstock, Illinois. It was a great experience. One of the few old-fashioned stock companies still around. There were 11 players in it and we did a new play every week-end. Not only that. We made the sets and the costumes, sold tickets, cleaned out the opera house before we moved in the customers. It was wonderful fun. Of course, we didn't make much money. In fact, at Christmas, one of the owners absconded with the funds. I'll never forget the people I lived with that winter—the Carlsons—they were like a mother and father to me.

"I always worked while I went to school. Classes were at night. Once I sold

shoes at Marshall Field's. You know, I think every actor has sold shoes. One job I had was at WGM in Chicago. I typed scripts. Then they asked me to do a TV show without pay. I did. I became a kind of girl Friday—hostess, ad libber, talker about lingerie and such.

"But the summer after I did that I was called in by the Chevy Chase stock company in Chicago—the first company that had a star system—to read for 'Happy Birthday,' starring Imogene Coca. It was a small part and the director decided I'd be better for the second lead, Maude the floozie. That was two seasons' work. Imogene encouraged me to come to New York.

"Well, before I came here, I joined the Salt Creek Summer Theatre, a new stock company. Richard Carlson was starring in 'Petrified Forest.' He told me, 'Betsy, go to either Coast, but don't stay here! There's no room to grow.'

"I was here four or five days before I got my first job—a running part on a TV soap opera—it was Susan Peters' show—and I commuted to Philadelphia for three months. But when the show went off the air I started looking around New York again. Nothing much happened.

"In the fall I ran into a young chap I had met and I said, 'What are you doing?' And he said, 'I'm doing a give-away show.' By this time I was thinking of becoming a stenographer again, but I found myself on 'The Wheel Of Fortune' every Friday morning. They called me the poor man's Roxanne.

"I got to know a lot of people at CBS. And I got to do a lot of commercials, and now and then a dramatic show. In the summer I went to Rhode Island for the pre-Broadway tryout of a play, but it never came in.

"But I came back and went over to CBS to say 'Hi' to everyone. (I'm a great one for dropping in and saying 'Hi.' It must be the mid-Western in me.)

"Great God! they said to me. 'Are you doing anything next week? We're going crazy looking for someone to re-



THOUGH she's now playing in Paramount's "The Tin Star," Betsy prefers the pace of TV.

place a gal on the summer Westinghouse Theatre.' Then the ball didn't stop rolling for me.

"The panel shows are new in my life, but I enjoy them. The first was 'I've Got A Secret.' And then 'Masquerade Party.' The public becomes more aware of you when you're on a panel show. They associate you with your own personality. The other day a woman came up to me on the street. She'd seen me on 'Masquerade Party,' and she said, 'Have you ever done anything else on TV?' I was ready to slash my wrists.

"I'VE made a few movies. I've just finished 'The Tin Star,' with Anthony Perkins. I much prefer live TV, though. I'm so used to the pace. It's hard to slow down when you're sitting around on a movie set. TV is impossible. It's a rat-race. There's no time for rehearsal. But thank God for it!

"What else about me?" she said, with a dazzling smile. "I'm not very exciting. Aside from my work, my whole life has been calm, cool and collected.

"I paint and sculpt a bit, purely on my own. And the other day I bought a water color. I read a lot. I go through phases. When I was a kid I liked boys' books. When I got a little older I flipped over Jules Verne and Eric Remarque. And at the moment I like to read books about doctors.

"Movies don't make me cry, but books can. I wept like a baby over 'Cry, The Beloved Country.'

"Vinnie and I like to go to the theatre. I enjoy musicals where I can detach myself. Oops! I almost forgot. I was in two Broadway plays—one of them was 'Affair Of Honor,' with Dennis King. I'd like to do another play—they say the third time's the charm. Will you listen to me? For a gal who didn't care about getting into the business, I sure can miss it when I'm not working.

"On television you can't work as much when you're a star. They don't want to show your face so much. So I do other things that I enjoy.

"I love to go swimming. I used to teach it. I've done a lot of scouting and counseling in my life. I nearly made scouting my career. I taught archery, too. I haven't shot a bow and arrow in years. I bet I've forgotten how.

"Last year Vinnie and I took up golf. And we learned how to water ski. In Mexico, two years ago. All you need is a sense of balance."

And you're a girl who has one, I thought, wishing she'd tell me she'd just decided to leave the country and wanted me to take over her apartment.

"As for me, personally, I'm a pretty tailored girl," she said. "Although I've taken to wearing hats so that I'll look like a lady. I love the color yellow. It's my favorite color. Maybe because it's like the sun."

Maybe because Betsy's like the sun, is more like it. **END**

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"I'm No Cinderella"

continued from page 49

town as you can in a big city tenement.

Ever since she was 12, and saw Marlon Brando in "The Men," Jean knew she wanted to be an actress. At the same time, she became what her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Seberg, an ex-school teacher, remembers as "different." "She read a great deal, and holds some sort of record for borrowing books from the public library. She lived a rather lonely life of her own choice in a world of her vivid imagination. I guess Jean was getting ready all along for something special to happen to her."

Despite her introversion, Jean tried out for dramatics in her second year at Marshalltown High School, and began studying drama under Carol Houghton, the speech teacher she credits with developing the talent that permitted her to win the contest. It was Miss Houghton, along with local manufacturer J. W. Fisher, a family friend, who thought of sending in Jean's entry blank without her knowledge. At the time, she was off playing her first season of summer stock in the East.

When she returned home, the letter asking her to appear at the auditions in Chicago was the first she learned of the sly little move to shove her into the limelight. With her parents along, Jean breezed through her auditions in the Windy City. A month later, one of the three finalists, Jean was announced winner by Preminger who by then had completely charmed and reassured her apprehensive parents. Two months later, she was in London rehearsing with the imposing cast. Three months later, when shooting started, Jean became the youngest, and certainly the most unknown, girl to star in a role that had previously been interpreted by Ingrid Bergman, Siobhan McKenna and Julie Harris.

And has all this activity worked as a tranquilizer on the loneliness she had felt back in Marshalltown?

AS usual, Jean's answer was thorough. "A lot of the loneliness is gone," she admitted. "I've had an opportunity to meet more people with whom I have the same interests. I haven't made any *real* friends, though—you know, someone you can really talk to. When that time comes, perhaps this will take care of some loneliness that remains. The rest," Jean shrugged that off philosophically. "nothing can cure. It comes with being an individual."

Again, unlike Cinderella, there's been no Prince Charming, handsome, wealthy or sympatico to add a romantic garnish to her story. "There's really no time for attachments of that sort. It's no good meeting anybody. Nothing can come of it right now. You'd meet someone attractive, and interesting, then off you'd go to another city or plunge into more work."

Like a number of creative persons, Jean

gives the impression of trying to glean as much as she can from any situation. She listens and watches with a quiet alertness. She smiles readily but isn't the sort who'd beam out vacant smiles. She's the first to admit that on her a Dior creation looks pretentious—Preminger gave her two originals as a Christmas present. Or for her to strike sexy, cheesecake poses in a bikini would be as ludicrous and wasteful as a middy blouse and pleated skirt on Jayne Mansfield. Nor do her brightness and intelligence have any of the exasperating features of giddy youth flittering through a series of delicious experiences. Her mind is open.

Jean never did get to go to Iowa State University as she had planned, but promises herself if ever she settles down, she'll start taking some courses. There's one striking feature Jean has that no formal education could have given her. That's her calm, rather pixie sense of humor. It can take the form of an almost silent chuckle at herself like the time she mentioned having written a fan letter to Marlon Brando when she was 12. She asked that he come visit them in Marshalltown. He never answered the letter. The wit who heard this suggested she write Brando again and see what happens now.

On a recent plane trip, she was a laboratory assistant. "By not telling what I really do, I get people to talk about themselves. I like getting acquainted with people. I suppose just because I like them . . ." she paused to think that over, then seemed to decide her statement needed more elaboration. "Talking to strangers makes you more understanding. I used to see everything in all shades of black and white and now I realize there are also many shades of gray. A lot of people I had found unbearable might have had other traits had I let them shine out at me. I hope I never lose the common touch. It's no good any other way. You must value people on their own level."

Considering her age and background, Jean comes out in any evaluation as a pretty remarkable girl. She's shown on many occasions a tremendous stamina and endurance, and it has nothing to do with the six vitamin pills she says she takes each day or all the steak and roast beef she eats. Leaving the stability of home and parents and suddenly being plunked down in a strange country and an even stranger world of movie-making, she managed to take it all in her stride without turning a hair of her half-inch haircut. (Ingrid Bergman told Jean in Paris—"Everytime they do Joan of Arc, they cut her hair shorter.")

At one ugly point in the filming of the picture, where *Joan* is being burned at the stake, the flames from the gas jets in front of her went out of control. Her jacket caught on fire. She was burned and fright-



UNAFFECTED Jean realizes that she'd look silly in a bikini or an elaborate Dior creation.

ened, but insisted she was all right. As it was, she didn't have to go back to work. The scene was left in the picture with just the rescue parts cut out.

The next day, the car in which she and Preminger were riding to the studio skidded on an ice slick and smashed into a lamp post. Her leg was scraped, her burned hand roughed up but they continued on to the studio in another car. The one thing about the burning incident that annoyed her was the total disregard some newspaperman had when he called her up around 1 a.m. and asked if they could photograph her in bandages and in bed.

"I had never realized how unprivate your life becomes once the press finds you interesting copy." Jean was still obviously puzzled over the extra time an actor must put in on publicity matters. "I'll talk about almost anything, but there *are* a few things I'd never discuss. One is how much money I make. And I shall always try to draw the line as far as my romantic entanglements are concerned. You know," she said, looking wiser than anyone her age had a right, "there are certain things in your life that should be kept secret, or you find you'll lose them. Suppose I were to tell you about the sort of man I'd find attractive right now? If I did, then I'm sure I'd never meet him. And that applies to a few other things I want."

Jean's head tilted to one side as though she were listening to a playback of what

she had just said. "It's frightening the way the things you say make you sound so pompous in print. I've read as many stories about myself as I could, and always wind up asking, 'Did I say this pretentious thing?' Of course, I know I did, and the writer couldn't help but understand the way I meant it, but somehow, if you're not careful, words can take on a different look in print.

"I was terrified about going home," Jean recalled. "But it wasn't nearly as frightening. Home hadn't changed one bit. I could let down my hair—all one half-inch of it, and get about the business of turning into a human being again. I suppose everybody was waiting to see how I had changed. I was waiting to see if they had changed. And what a relief to find it wasn't like that at all!

"I have about five close girl friends at home, and we got together as usual with much talking and lots of exciting things to tell each other."

EVEN in Europe where the Continental tastes are rich and exotic, Jean got along famously and decided people were the same all over the world. She loved the French, and they obviously took to her. One Paris journalist was heard to remark after talking with Jean that in addition to Lend-Lease, the Americans ought to ship along more Jean Sebergs. Her charm, frankness and young girl qualities could convince anyone that American youth deserves a serious reappraisal. But Jean can't understand why everyone should be so surprised if she seems sensible. After all, a lot of girls her age are married, raising families, and facing all kinds of responsibility.

"Young people aren't wandering," Jean announced, in an effort to correct a rather patronizing attitude older folk often have toward their juniors. "Kids want the same things as their parents, and just as strongly. The most important thing is to be loved and to give love. Most of the time you don't express it, but it's there."

The serious look was whisked off suddenly by a broad smile that lit up her face—actually lit it up into something all young and shiny and full of the future. "When I met Francoise Sagan, I didn't know what to say. People were pushing us together and there was so much confusion. All I could think of to say was that I'd written some things, too. I'm glad she didn't ask what because all they were were some poems for school and church newspapers, and once when I was much younger I thought I'd write a novel. I guess acting and writing do require the same needs for getting down emotion and detail, but imagine saying 'I wrote' to a girl who had written two best-sellers by the time she was 21!"

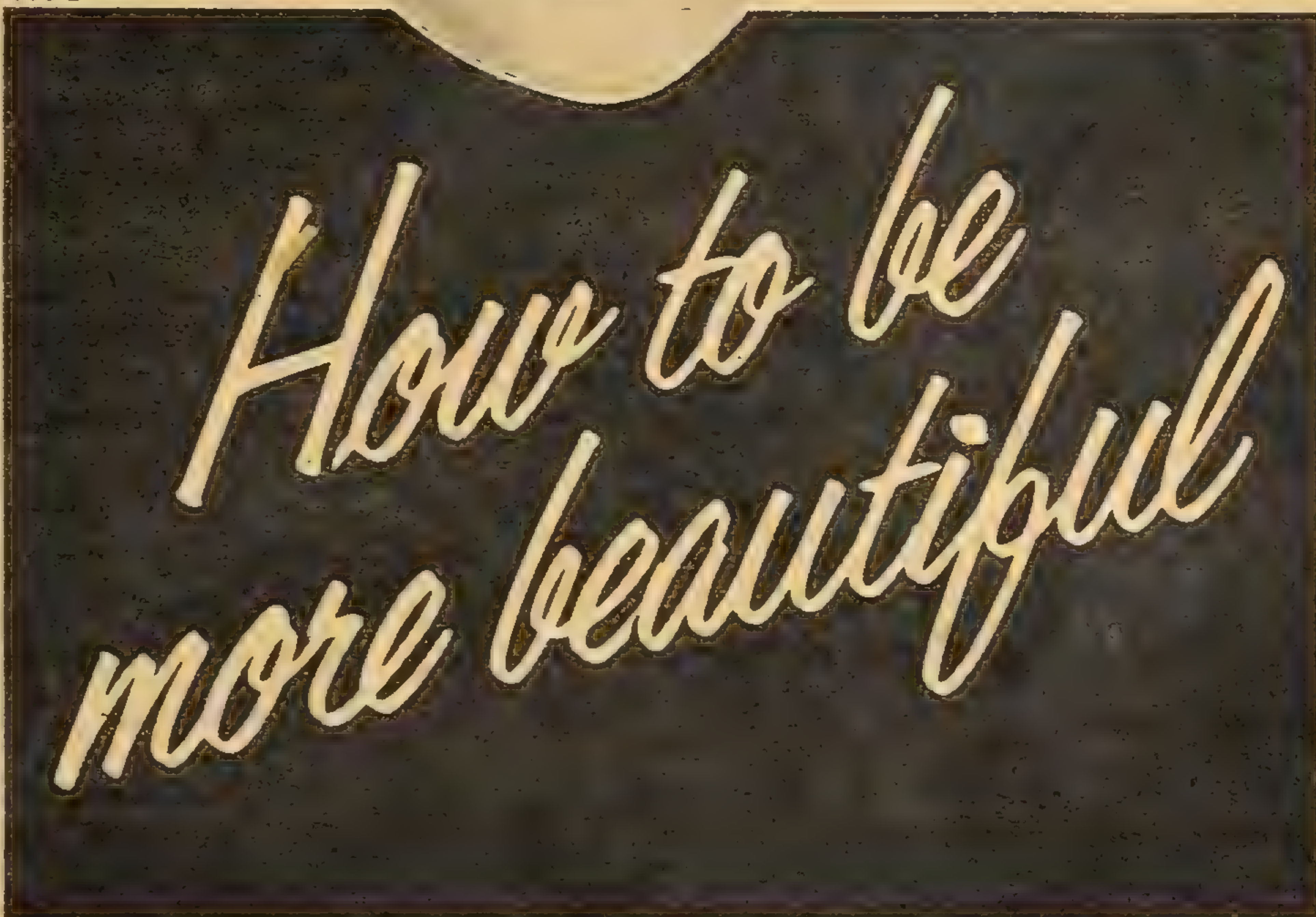
So what's so strange? If Jean ever gets around to putting the story of her life down on paper, she'd have material for three novels, and with her determination could probably whack them out by the time she was 19.

END



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Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

num of champagne and a fifth of vodka in his private chambers. The rendezvous didn't turn out quite as Olivier had anticipated, nor for that matter, did Marilyn expect to go to a Coronation, or save Olivier's kingdom from revolution. And best of all, whoever expected a prince to fall in love with a showgirl? True, it's happened before, but not quite the same way. A wonderful comedy that's a complete joy to watch, and it will be a long time before the salvo of huzzahs and bravos die down for the delightful Marilyn. (Warner Bros.)

Bernardine

ACCORDING to this tidbit that introduces Pat Boone, there's nothing like a real live romance to shock a teenager into adulthood, or drive his parents to distraction. Richard Sargent's snug dream world comes to an explosive end when he meets telephone operator Terry Moore. With Boone doing the coaching, Sargent seems to come along nobly as a different type operator. Then pal, ole pal Boone fixes Terry up with his older brother home on leave from an Air Force base in Alaska. Actually this little maneuver was supposed to keep Terry out of wolves' reach until Sargent finishes studying for his exams. Instead of mere protective custody, it rapidly becomes a case of pigeon piracy. Because she's his mother, Janet Gaynor tries to straighten out Sargent's miseries, but where she fails, the Army comes to the fore with a sure cure. A Technicolor splurge of laughs slanted toward teenagers which naturally would make it a bit confusing at times for adults. (20th Century-Fox.)

Joe Butterfly

TURNS into a boisterous romp in early postwar Tokyo when five Army men (George Nader, Audie Murphy, Charles McGraw, John Agar and Frank Chase) are ordered by commanding officer Fred Clark to turn out the first Pacific edition of Yank magazine in three days. Without the help of Japanese black marketeer Burgess Meredith, chances are not even a comma would have been produced. When ace cameraman Audie Murphy is sent back to the States for dumping competitor Keenan Wynn into the blue Pacific, Meredith manages to spirit him back to his buddies. When it looks as though their fancy office, a private home Meredith commandeered for them, will be taken over by Army brass, Meredith dabbles in a wee spot of blackmail to keep things honest. And when the mysterious Tokyo Rose stirs up a storm, Meredith comes up with a little item that gets Murphy pardoned and his chums decorated. A delight-

ful comedy as gay as the Technicolor Japanese lanterns that liven up the screen. (Universal-International.)

The Midnight Story

A PRIEST is murdered, and the law must find the killer before he has more time to cover up his guilt. One of the suspects is Gilbert Roland who owns a fish eatery on the waterfront, has a cousin Marisa Pavan, a mother and a young brother. Without any attachments, officer Tony Curtis is assigned the job of proving Roland's guilt, if any. Posing as a jobless drifter, Curtis manages to become a member of the family without so much as ruffling a hair, or wrinkling his well-fitted tee-shirt. Life, however, doesn't remain as neat. Complications set in after Roland takes this Judas into his home. Marisa falls in love with Curtis, Curtis is willing, and Uncle Roland nimbly skips from guilt to innocence as though he were playing hop-scotch. All this emotional activity is bound to leave a hang-over—especially when Marisa discovers Curtis's real identity. An average melodrama that bogs down with talk and over-acting. (Universal-International.)

Fire Down Below

TECHNICOLOR drama that keeps busy weaving situations and hips with the same intensity. As a woman without a country, and a few other commodities, Rita Hayworth triggers off a rivalry between bosom buddies Robert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon. The brew starts seething after one of Rita's benefactors pays joint boat owners Mitchum and Lemmon to ferry Rita to another island in the exotic West Indies. En route, the boat



SHADY lady Rita Hayworth has designs on Jack Lemmon in dramatic "Fire Down Below."

engine develops trouble. Ditto the lads as soon as Rita appears on deck swathed in a bathing suit. Mitchum warns Lemmon: she's no good. Lemmon counters with something that can be boiled down to—uppercut, you cad. I want to marry the girl—uppercut. Of course, you know with whom Rita ends up, Mitchum natch-erly. Lowdown yarn amply spiked with raw dialogue and Calypso rhythm, and some mighty fine acting by Lemmon who spends most of the picture trapped in the hold of a burning ship. (Columbia.)

Omar Khayyam

WHEN Persian poet Omar Khayyam wrote "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thou singing beside me in the Wilderness. . . ." little did he think one day these very words would carom across a wide movie screen that looked as colorful as a Persian rug dipped in a vat of Technicolor. With Cornel Wilde as the soft-eyed but virilely muscular poet, and Debra Paget as his love who is snatched from his arms to be wed, against her wishes, to Shah Raymond Massey, it's clear that mere spouting of poetry isn't going to solve any of Omar's problems. Life has become more complicated. Now, he's got to put the muscle to the wheel, the shoulder to the grindstone, as it were, and rid the palace of the unknown leader of assassins who is conspiring to take over the country. To keep things barrelling along at a modern clip are John Derek, Michael Rennie. . . . but as Omar himself might say, "Take the cash and let the credits go." (Paramount.)

The Monte Carlo Story

AT a time when young love is being sung about and talked up to such an extent that anyone over 21 is likely to feel senile, along comes this reassuring Technicolor offering from Monaco-way. With Marlene Dietrich, whose mouth seems to be permanently pursed, this is a love story in the continental manner. The two persons involved have been mellowing for years. The willing subject for Marlene's willowy wiles, nobleman Vittorio DeSica is a proper charmer as the destitute gambler who is in hock up to his last breath with some of the local citizens. To insure a return on the money they've already invested in DeSica, they decide he must marry a wealthy widow. Marlene conveniently slithers on the scene. The two fortune hunters have heaps in common. . . . a taste for luxury, a passion for roulette, and not a cent between them. Even though each discovers the other's fraud, all is not lost. American millionaire Arthur O'Connell and daughter Natalie Trundy sail up to furnish some fresh viewpoints and, much more appealing, fresh greenbacks. Apart from the rather annoying portrayal of Americans as crude, this is an enjoyable, flippant little number of love in hock. (United Artists.) **END**

"Why Hollywood Girls Leave Me Cold"

continued from page 37

"When a movie is over," Tony points out incredulously, "instead of walking home slowly with your girl, as you would in New York, with big crowds around you, you have to run out of the theatre and spend an hour looking for your car. Finally you locate it—behind five other cars, and you can't budge. All the aisles around you are cleared as you sit helplessly behind the wheel of your car waiting for the cars in front of you to get moving. By that time you're completely out of sorts."

Tony feels much of this unpleasantness might be avoided if Hollywood girls didn't expect to be driven even when you're helping them across the street.

In defense of Hollywood girls, Tony is willing to concede that they may be victims of their environment.

"If you can finally separate a Hollywood girl from her enthusiasm about herself and her work, and from her aggressions, and put her in the category of a date, then get to the beach without any crises," he says amiably, "it is possible to have a very good time. The days are long, and there's plenty to do—if you can be with a girl long enough to sort of get her mind off movies."

Moreover, the magnanimous Tony has other nice things to say about Hollywood damsels.

"They seem to be more spirited than girls in New York," he acknowledges. "Along with a lack of aggression, New York girls are not as apt to be as enthusiastic as Hollywood girls. In New York, where the girls may be a little more feminine, they are at the same time not as fun-loving."

There's another attribute of Hollywood girls, of which Tony is neither unaware nor unappreciative.

"Girls here," he gives credit where credit is due, "wear less than they do in New York. This could be taken both ways, though I prefer to regard it as an asset. Some girls, I confess, are more attractive overdressed, and some girls are less attractive underdressed. I think Hollywood girls use less make-up, which I like. I suppose that's because there's more going out during the day, more going out for lunch, and more going to the beach. But whatever the reasons, I'm for it. And Hollywood girls seem to dress more casually, which I find more attractive than dressing up. I'd rather see a girl in a sweater than in a formal."

To put the whole problem in perspective, Tony would seem to feel there's nothing wrong with Hollywood girls that can't be cured by overlooking their faults—which, since he is at heart an affable and magnanimous young man, he someday may get around to doing.

END

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RECORDS

Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**

FRANKIE'S gone and done it again. The Thin Man, Mr. Frank Sinatra, has fashioned himself a fine hunk of album, "A Swingin' Affair" by name, that has a mess of semi-precious goodies hidden within its jacket—fifteen of the free-wheelingest standards ever whipped onto wax (Capitol). . . . Once upon a time there was a singer named Helen Morgan, and she was quite a singer, too, back in the late Twenties and early Thirties. Well, the Fifties' Polly Bergen doesn't have to take a back seat to anyone in the thrush department, either. Witness her Columbia album, "Bergen Sings Morgan." When you hear Polly sing "Bill" and "Why Was I Born?" it's as though Miss Morgan had been perched atop her famous piano in the recording studio . . . Question: What could be better than a Patti Page vocal? Answer: Why, a whole flock of Patti Pages on the same biscuit, of course. The Voices of Patti Page accompany Patti via the multiple tapes on "Old Cape Cod." We like her even when she does an old-fashioned "single" on the flip side, "Wondering" (Mercury) . . . **Joe Bushkin**, a mighty handy guy with a keyboard, puts together an 88-note salute to love. From the album title song, "A Fellow Needs A Girl," to "Don't Take Your Love From Me," the feathery-fingered Mr. Bushkin makes out an air-tight case in favor of Dan Cupid (Capitol).

The cult of Calypso just grows and grows. Latest converts are the **Norman Luboff Choir** as they wend their way through a "Calypso Holiday" via their new Columbia album. The Luboff crew have no trouble "going native" with a dozen Trinidadian treats . . . **Tommy Sands** is the name and million-sale records are his game. The solid-gold teenager's Capitol album "Steady Date" should be a steady best-seller for many months to come. The new hero of the high school set has himself a ball expounding vocally on young love, its trials and treats . . .

An ode to a jacket by **Johnny Desmond**, "A White Sport Coat (And A Pink Carnation)," is the best thing that's happened to men's wear since they stopped wearing celluloid collars. The flip side, "Just Lookin'," is just good listenin'. Dick Jacobs and his Skiffle Band are on hand to liven up the proceedings (Coral). . . . **Wild Bill Davison** abandons his frantic approach to music in the Columbia Album, "With Strings Attached," and with his compatriots from Eddie Condon's Village Club plays pretty for the people on such numbers as "It's The Talk Of The Town" and "Serenade In Blue." We cast one vote in favor of the not-so-wild Bill.

An entirely different **Judy Garland** comes across on her new Capitol album, "Alone." Judy has a big blue spotlight focused on her as she paints an indigo portrait with such ballads as "By Myself" and "Mean To Me." The orchestra of Gordon Jenkins provides an appropriately melancholy backdrop for Miss Garland's two-sided bout with the blues . . . See America First! That's the motto of the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** as they take a musical sojourn from Maine to Mexico in the Columbia album, "Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A." With the fabulous Paul Desmond handling the alto sax chores with even more than his usual aplomb, the Brubeck cross-Continent safari is a fascinating half-hour excursion and fine jazz to boot . . . The Cool Miss **June Christy** has moved to sunnier climes in her new album, "Fair And Warmer." Everything's on the upbeat from "I Want To Be Happy" to "It's Always You." Pete Rugolo's high-spirited orchestrations help to keep temperatures on the rise. Weather prediction: "Fair And Warmer" to be followed by heavy sales (Capitol). **END**

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. EST.

Test Your Fashion Sense!

continued from page 55

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS HERE:

1. a,c. An accordion-pleated skirt with your suit jacket, and a bright wool blouson with your suit skirt will give you three complete costumes. Besides, both the blouson and skirt are very new this season, will go with each other, and with all your other separates.
2. b or c. Yes, add still another slim skirt, or a slim pleated skirt. Your full skirt will look too bulky with a boxy shortie.
3. c. By all means, wear a long-line bra and see how well you wear sweaters!
4. b. Chanel made this look famous, and now it's big news all over again.
5. c. Buy your luscious sweaters in pale or bright colors, dress them up with jewelry. Nowadays sweaters go everywhere, including dances.
6. c. A gay overblouse would be smart even if you didn't have hips!
7. d. A princess coat won't go over everything; a camel's hair coat is too tailored; a fur-collared coat might be too dressy. But a straight wool jersey coat in a color that blends with your wardrobe can look either very tailored or very dressed up.
8. b. V-necked operas slim the ankle and flatter the leg.
9. c. The important thing is to look attractive. Wear the dress everybody compliments you in, no matter how often you've worn it before!
10. a,b,c. All three of these would be smart buys—cool for now, but new and fall-ish when September comes.
11. b. A little black velvet jacket is a joy forever. It goes over everything and always looks dressed up.
12. c. Wool knits are the newest of the new, and make marvelous everyday costumes because they don't wrinkle and look very smart.
13. a,b,c,d,e. All of them!
14. b. A would be far too many pearls at one time. C would be messy and unco-ordinated. Just two pieces of pearl jewelry would be perfect, with the velvet ribbon for pretty accent.
15. c. The bulkier, the better!
16. b. Crepe is the fabric of the year.
17. c. Proper fit begins with the waistline.
18. c. Be patient a little longer, and buy a dress you really love—with the accessories it deserves.
19. a,b,c. Every one of them will show you know your fashion seasons.
20. c. Pay for the alterations—they're worth it. A suit is only as good as its fit, and a good suit deserves to fit perfectly.

END



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Kelly In The Nursery

continued from page 53

It's really very interesting and exciting."

Kelly made some distinct differences in their personal schedules and patterns of living, too, as what baby doesn't?

There have been times when they had no nurse at all for brief periods and the problems posed by adjusting their show business schedules of eating, sleeping and waking to those of a small baby have been hilariously upsetting.

But their daily schedules have been altered a good deal, nurse or no nurse.

For instance, "I always envied Tony," Janet says, "because when he was working he didn't have to get up at dawn, as I did, to get to the studio for make-up. Make-up takes so much longer for women, you know, and men get all that extra sleep in the mornings . . .

"But now I observe that my spouse is up with the larks, showered and shaved and ready to spend some time with his small daughter who is often up even before the larks and who has some of her cutest and most charming moods at those unearthly hours. I suppose that's true of most babies. And I find myself getting up, too, even if I don't have to report to a studio, and we three have a lot of fun together. It certainly is different from the old days. I never thought that either Tony or I would be getting out of bed practically in the dawn for fun.

"She has made a big difference, too, in my afternoons. It used to be that when and if I wasn't working I liked to go shopping or stop in to see some friends in the late afternoons. Buy a new hat

or pause for a cup of tea or a cocktail . . . and take my time about it. You know.

"But not any more. Kelly's most alert hours are six to eight in the mornings and four to six in the afternoons and I'm not about to miss any of them if I can help it. Nor is Tony. So gone are those social little stop-ins with friends in the afternoons, the leisurely late-day shopping trips. The Curtises simply dash home to see our child.

"We sometimes make it a race to see who can get there first . . . but that's all in fun, of course. It doesn't matter. But I can tell you that neither of us has made a single appointment if we could possibly avoid it, for those hours, since Kelly became old enough to notice us at all. Maybe all this sounds fatuous to people who have plenty of time to spend with their children. But we don't have 'plenty' of time and this is important to us."

Kelly has even made a difference in the way she dresses at home, Janet says.

"Well, of course I used to think it was nice to wear velvet treader pants and satin blouses when Tony came home from the studio. But those things just aren't practical these days, what with a baby who has to be burped and who may just blurple down the front of a blouse. ('Blurple,' in case you are wondering, simply means to 'spit.' It's a word we invented for it and it seems funny to us.) Washable things are the rule now and I must say that Tony seems to like them as much as he ever did the silks and satins and velvets . . . if he notices them at all.

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My favorite MEN STARS are:	My favorite WOMEN STARS are:
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(4)	(4)
(5)	(5)
The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:	
(1)	(3)
(2)	(4)
Name	Age
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WIDE-EYED Kelly and Janet start out for Europe where Tony is working in "The Vikings."

"Now that I think of it, *does* he notice them? Hmmm . . ."

Then there is the matter of keeping things in the house both safe and sterile. Rugs and floors, for instance, now that Kelly is creeping at breakneck speeds all over the place. Every floor must be sterilized and sterilized.

And Janet's beautiful curving staircase of which she is so proud. It is now fortified with formidable gates so that a little girl, adventuring too far, shall not tumble down and break her little head. So many things to think of!

And then there are the swarms of visitors who want to see the offspring of such a popular Hollywood couple. Janet has to make and enforce some pretty strict rules . . . and she is just the girl who can do it too.

"To Kelly," she says, happily, "there is no such thing as a 'stranger.' She loves everyone and opens her arms to one and all. And I love that trait in her.

"But I have to be the one who says, 'If you have a slight snuffle or a cough, could you come some other day?' And I have to be the one who says, 'Please don't kiss her on the mouth, no matter how healthy you feel!' You shouldn't have to say these things to people . . . they should know. But you *do* have to say them sometimes and I'd rather take the chance of offending them than letting Kelly catch something."

Just now Janet feels that Kelly is changing her life so that she will want to work less often and make her work in pictures count more. Tony's career is zooming and Janet is trying to make her and Kelly's lives dovetail completely with that career.

As this is written they are planning and preparing for a trip to Norway where Tony will make "The Vikings" this summer. He is busily growing a beard for this role and it seems to puzzle Kelly a good deal. The beard, I mean. Bristly. Very surprising to a very young girl. **—END**

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"Confessions Of A Homely Romeo"

continued from page 29

not good-looking. They cover up their feelings of inferiority by being surly, defensive and belligerent. Then they make the mistake of thinking people don't like them because of the way they look. Their real trouble—and it's so easy to correct if they face it honestly—is not the way they look, but the way they act.

By that I don't mean you have to be a saint to compensate for not being a Tyrone Power or a Tony Curtis. No girl expects a guy to be perfect, or could stand him if he was. But you can be nice, and still be human. You can be friendly without being phony. Once you learn to like yourself, it's easy to like other people.

Take my own case. Since "Marty," I'm supposed to be the nice guy to end all nice guys. Well, without being coy, I do enjoy people, as I've said I do. But that doesn't mean that I can't get as mean or jumpy or as ornery as the next fellow. I'm no different from any other human being on this earth. Sometimes I get up on the wrong side in the morning, and I don't feel good, and I won't talk to anyone, and I guess I'm pretty unpleasant. If things don't go right, I'll go home and pound my fist, or bang my head against the wall.

Usually, it happens in time of stress, when I'm not working all the time, when I'm wanting things to go right. Many times I've blown up because of insecurity, because I felt I wasn't getting as much work as I'd like. I remember putting my fist right through a wall one time in desperation, calling upon the gods, "For heaven's sake, help me. Don't just look down. Help me!"

I think it's good to blow your stack occasionally.

But one thing I can say is that I never blew up in front of a girl. When I go out, I like to have a good time. And as far as the girls are concerned, if you act nice, to them you look nice.

Of all the nice things that have happened to me, the most important is that this beat-up face of mine didn't prevent me from marrying the girl I loved. I met Rhoda when I went into the Brooklyn Navy Yard Hospital for a minor operation. She was my nurse, and she took such good care of me, I decided I might as well keep this in the family.

Not that Rhoda was easily won. I wanted to marry her when I got out of the Navy in 1945, but she turned me down—not because I wasn't good-looking enough. Because I took up acting, and she didn't want to have anything to do with an actor. She thought it was too insecure a business.

As time went on, though, I showed her that even though he was an actor, if a man was hard-working, a living could be



CHATTING with a young friend. Says Ernie, "If you like people, you'll find they like you."

made, and we could be happy together. Her father, naturally, also thought Rhoda could do better, and he told her so.

But I always respected his feelings, as I did Rhoda's, and when I proposed, I wrote to her folks, asking permission to marry her. I poured out my heart in the letter. They wrote back that if I felt that way about their daughter, they knew I had nothing but the best of intentions and they told me I had their blessings.

And so we were married. I've never regretted the act, or the way I asked for Rhoda's hand. I think my in-laws are the greatest people in the world. I still feel marriages should be arranged that way. My little girl, Nancy, is only five now, but I'm looking forward to the day when the inevitable happens. I know I would certainly want the young gentleman who marries my daughter to ask for her hand. Not because I did it, but because, generally speaking, it's a thoughtful thing to do. It shows you're considering the feelings of others as well as your own.

Luckily for us homely guys, you don't have to be handsome to live handsomely. No sir, you don't have to be handsome. All you have to do is be yourself.

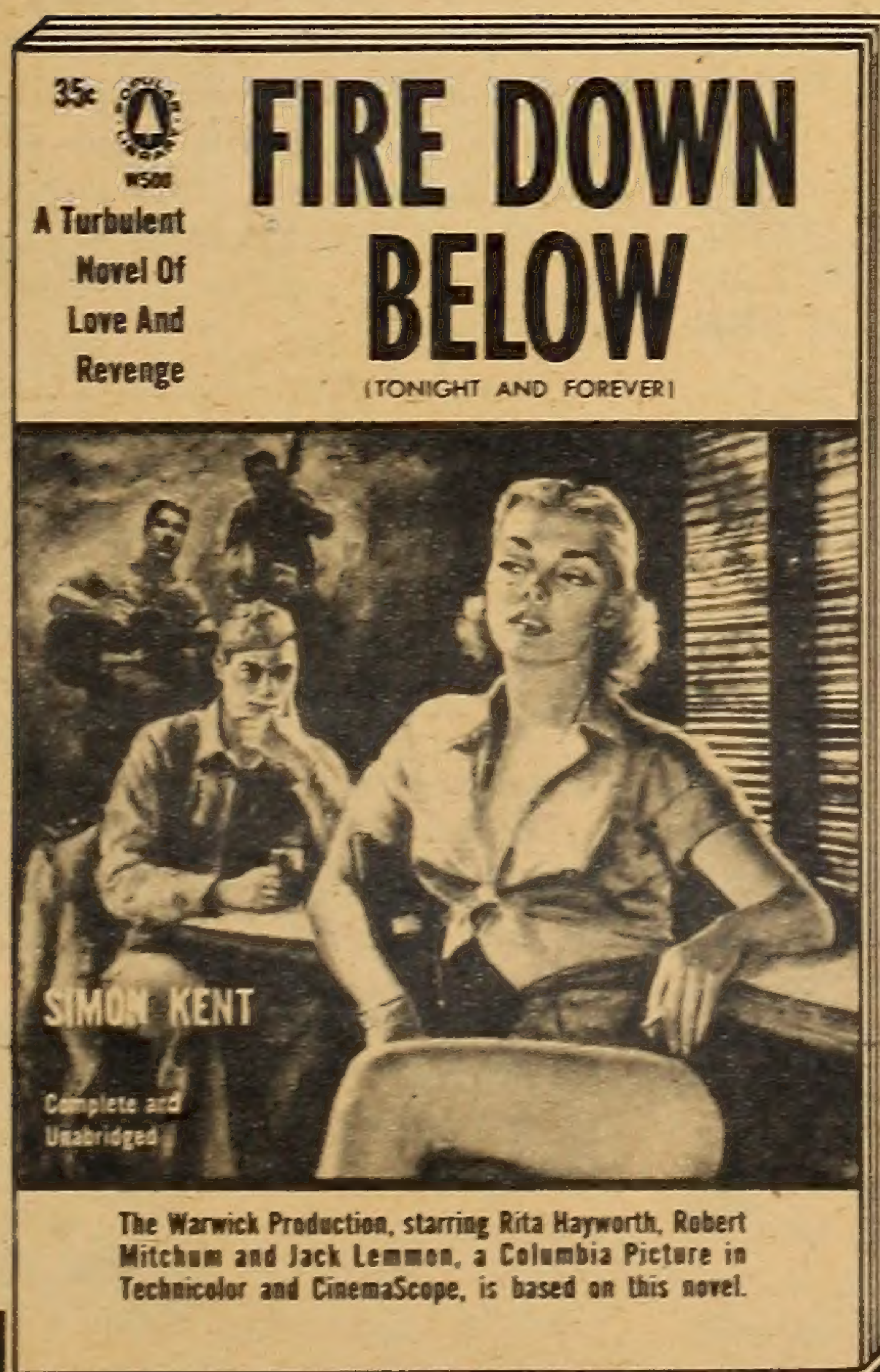
How many times have you seen a woman get into a car, and she's wearing a fancy dress? It's set just right. She's afraid to move. There isn't a mark or wrinkle in the dress. It has to be perfect. She sits stiffly—and she's miserable, worried about her precious dress getting ruffled. Well, I've always felt if you own the dress, wear it like you own it. **Wear it!** Have a good time in it.

The same is true of life. Handsome or not, live your life like you own it. Enjoy it. Wear it. Be yourself—and you can't help looking good. **END**

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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

she was signed a few years back by Rank. After "Karamazov," she'll be the biggest star in Hollywood.

Don't be surprised if Her Grace Kelly becomes Her Majesty. There's talk in Monaco of promoting the Prince. Gracie is all for it, and let's face it, the little blonde from Philly looks more like a Queen than most of the reigning monarchs—with the possible exception of Elizabeth of England. . . . From George Liberace after cutting a rock 'n' roll record—"I wanted to go the whole Presley route, but my brother told me I wouldn't look good with grey sideburns." . . . And from Joan Collins, explaining why she will not re-marry for a long time, "I get very tired of being told by men what to do and what to wear, how to look, and when and where to come and go." Of Sydney Chaplin, whom she dated: "He wasn't a good influence." That's not what Judy Holliday is saying. They were swooning when I saw them in New York. . . . And how's this printed quote from Katharine Hepburn: "If only men would pay more attention to us homely girls, what affection they would get." I've never thought of Katie as homely, have you? And she certainly had her share of affection, and a wonderful marriage in the early part of her career—it lasted from 1928 to '35.

When Anita Ekberg refused an interview to a Paris reporter, he revenged himself by calling her "The bore with the bust"—in print. Anita is always friendly with fourth estaters in Hollywood. But something happens when she goes abroad. When Anita was asked what

she thinks of photographers, she replied: "You mean the men who stand on chairs?" . . . And Olivia de Havilland isn't going overboard with her reconciliation with sister Joan Fontaine who rendezvoused in the summer with all the de Havillands in London—except for Olivia who found it more convenient to be in Switzerland.

Gary Cooper and CBS-TV couldn't come to terms, and as of going to press, his weekly deal with the network was in the ashcan. So was Roy Rogers' show with NBC. I'm told that the former cowboys of the screen are having tough sledding against the new batch of TV heroes—and I do mean Jim Arness, Hugh O'Brian and Clint Walker.

There's a rumor that Natalie Wood will eliminate her non-stop dates—on orders of her Warner Bros. boss. The publicity was hurting. . . . And the rumors were flying when Debbie Reynolds twined with Russ Tamblyn at a filmland function. She explained he was a friend of the family. And when you get down to cases, why can't a married woman go to a party with a friend of the family, when her husband is out of town, working? . . . Robert Stack and Cameron Mitchell are yelling for their release from 20th Century-Fox. The grass always looks greener at another studio.

And the palm for the most honest actress in Hollywood goes to Robert Montgomery's actress-daughter, Elizabeth. When I asked her why she wasn't working in a picture, she looked pensive and said, "Because no one has asked me to." . . . That's all, kiddies, for now. **END**



A CLEAR case of love starts John Raitt and Doris singing in the film, "The Pajama Game."

It was something like that when I took up knitting. Only when I gave up knitting it was forever. I had been told it would 'relax me.' It did nothing of the sort. It just made me more and more tense and my family said it made me more difficult to live with. And the few things I managed to knit were as tightly drawn together as I was. You have never seen such tight stitches! It was a good thing for everyone when I gave up that little hobby.

Q. Have you any personal "true or false" which you would like to add to these?

A. Yes, I have. I have had a good many letters recently accusing me of inconsistency and I should like to explain that it is "true" that screen actors change their minds and their attitudes as often as other people do. Perhaps more often. We *don't* freeze into a rigid mental mold and stay there. We *change*.

To take a small instance, one magazine story quoted me as saying that I dislike modern furniture and modern decor and that I detest colors of orange and yellow. That I prefer Early American or French period pieces and the more subdued shades of blue and gray.

Then another article appeared announcing that in our new house we will be using lots of modern and that shades of orange and yellow will be appearing there. So . . . the letters came in about the inconsistencies.

The fact is that all these things happen to be true! We *did* dislike modern decor at one time but our circumstances have changed, we are buying a new house and our attitudes have changed. Our whole mental climate has changed. We feel differently about many things.

As I have said, this is a small instance, but things like this happen so often. So, before you accuse your favorite star of inconsistency or accuse a writer of being a careless reporter, do stop and ask yourself if your own attitudes haven't changed on some things, too? And wouldn't it be dull if they didn't? **END**

Dodo On The Grill

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us to each other, any more than that little spark which draws any group together. Or IS there?

There is one delightful thing about these people. We don't talk "Hollywood shop." That is, we don't wallow in picture talk and picture gossip. Perhaps what draws us together is something very different from what draws other groups together. We have *so very little in common!* It makes all the conversation so varied and so very, very interesting.

Q. True or false, that you consider some of your own faults procrastination, unpunctuality and the fault of not persisting in something you have started to do?

A. My goodness, that's an omnibus question if I ever heard one. I'll answer one at a time. Yes, I procrastinate about unpleasant duties (like going to the dentist).

2. False. I want to be punctual and I try to be and I usually succeed. But accidents can happen to anyone and one accident can ruin the nice reputation you have spent years in building. One day last week I overslept and was late for a gallery sitting. Did anyone remember all the times I had been meticulously prompt? I'm sure they didn't. That one accident wrecked my record of punctuality and I shall have to start all over again to regain it!

3. True. I do start things vigorously and then taper off. For instance, I resolve every few weeks that I will swim every day. I like it and it is so good for you. But after three or four days it begins to seem something of a chore and I start skipping until I'm not swimming at all. Then I make a new resolve and start all over again.

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